

THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE.

Contents for December, 1923.

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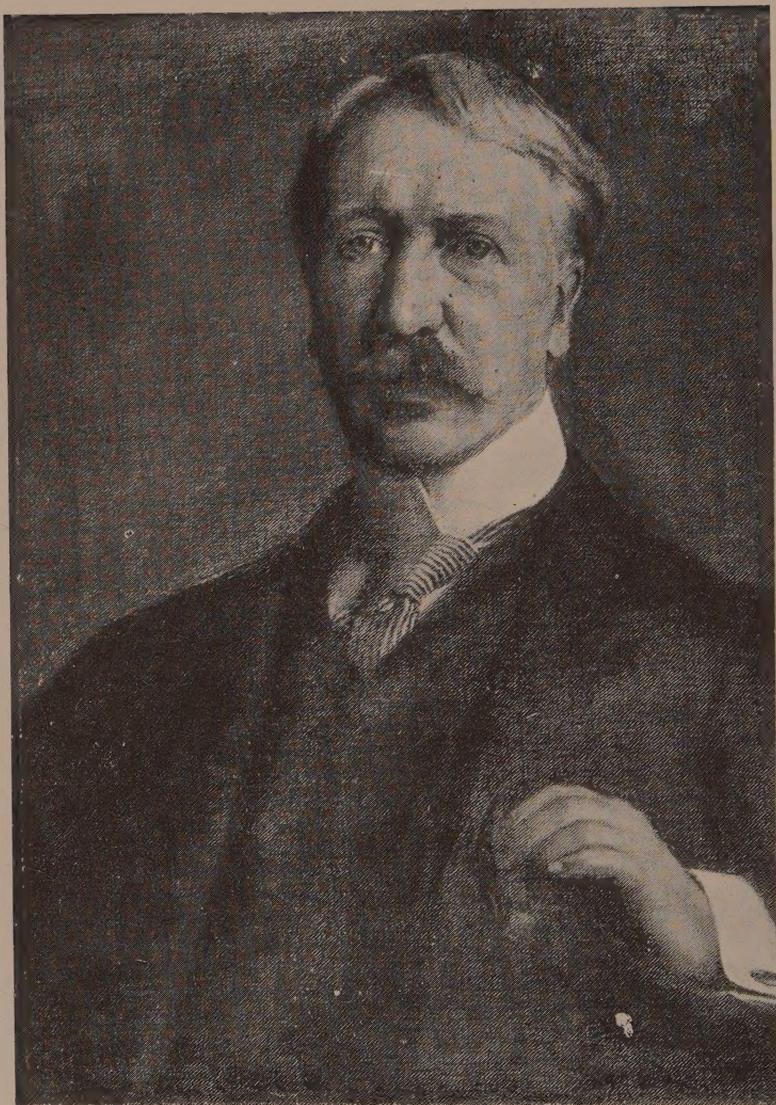
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GEORGE MOORE.

From a Painting
By
Miss S. C. Harrison.

THE
DUBLIN MAGAZINE.

Edited by SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.

Vol. I.

DECEMBER, 1923.

No. 5.

Notes of the Month.

The "autumn lists" of English publishers were, this year, as they are usually, dominated by the Novel and the Memoir, a class of book which, in the majority, makes no pretence to be other than ephemeral. Works with such titles as *Casanova in England*, *The Private Life of Louis XV.*, published at extensive prices, are not as numerous as they were in the good times before the war; but there is evidently still a public which likes, and can afford to pay for, this form of "history." It thinks thereby to be improving its mind and extending its knowledge. Solemn tomes on political, literary, and military worthies, not long dead, and yet already half-forgotten, appear, and will (perhaps) be sold at prices ranging from half-a-guinea to three guineas. Someone has produced a *Life of Sir Redvers Boller*; someone else a *Life of Mrs. Humphrey Ward*; evidently an important department of English literary industry has survived the shafts of Mr. Lytton Strachey's wit. Under Fiction, among established authors of the first rank, we find Arnold Bennett, Conrad, Galsworthy, and, in the second rank of more or less fixed reputations, Compton MacKenzie, Hugh Walpole, and Archibald Marshall, the Trollope of our days.

* * * * *

From the more revolutionary or experimental school comes stories and novels by Alders Huxley, D. H. Laurence, and Miss Rose Macaulay. Two of the other writers represented in the same list are Mr. Edward Shanks and Mr. de la Mare, both well known as poets. Mr. Shanks has great versatility; he is not only a poet, but also a critic of parts and a clever journalist; he might write a best seller, and *The Richest Man* may be that. Mr. de la Mare's work, on the other hand, is all of the one quality, distinguished and mysterious, whether it be in prose or verse. Notwithstanding the perilous condition of the *Entente*, translations from the French (chiefly of fiction) are numerous this autumn, and include M. Maurras' *Ariel* (which is really a Life of Shelley) and two books by M. Paul Morand, *Green Shoots* and *Open All Night*. M. Morand is a young French writer who was educated in England, and acknowledges a not very obvious debt to Fielding and the old English masters. *Open All Night* is a clever book; it recounts a series of very odd and very imaginative love adventures, with a background, "true to life" and tragical, of post-war Europe. But is the background "true to life"? M. Morand's Russians at Constantinople sound "right" to us foreigners. But in a previous work, *Shut at Night*, M. Morand has described a post-war Irishman whom none of us will take seriously for a national type. In *Open All Night* there is a character called Ivor whose "father is a general in the Greek army and whose mother is a general in the I.R.A."

Irish writers in the autumn list included Mr. George Moore (*Conversations in Ebury Street*), Mr. Stephens (*Deirdre*), Mr. Colm (*Castle Conquer*), Mr. Curtis (*History of Mediaeval Ireland*), Mr. O'Flaherty (*Thy Neighbour's Wife*). London critics and reviewers are rather prejudiced against Irish books just now ; it is probably partly a matter of literary fashion, partly one of political prejudice. So we saw Mr. Stephens described the other day by a high-class London periodical, *à propos* of his *Deirdre*, as a "bitter and bloody-minded enthusiast" ! Another weekly, quite well-disposed to Ireland politically, alludes to the Irish literary renaissance as a myth. One remembers the acclaim with which Synge's work was greeted by the authorities about fifteen years ago, after his death, as the greatest of modern drama—nowadays Synge has no "Press" at all ; surely the silence in his regard is rather sudden. But the English are fickle towards their literary heroes, and, no doubt, Synge's turn will come again. At present the only two living writers of English who seem to command a general loyalty among the elect are Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. A. E. Housman—and some of the quite younger critics are not sure of Mr. Hardy. The currents of English criticism are uncertain and unsettled at present ; it will be very difficult for posterity to know what the Georgians really liked—or wanted. Meanwhile, Stockholm brings our leading man of letters into world-prominence by awarding Mr. Yeats the Nobel prize. Mr. Yeats and Mr. Kipling (Mr. Kipling's honour dates from as far back as 1907) are the only two writers of English who have won this now long-established distinction. Mr. Hardy is still, rather unaccountably, overlooked.

* * * * *

The recent effort in England to discredit the Committee responsible for the Nobel award may be noted. It appears that recently a young Swede connected with the prize-giving was in London, and on being asked by various Englishmen what Stockholm meant by its neglect of Mr. Hardy, replied, "Oh, yes, I have read Mr. Hardy's nice novels ; but the author of your country, whom I really admire, is Mr. Stephen McKenna, the author of *Sonia*." The story was put into print as an illustration of the ignorance of the Stockholm Committee, which should calm British susceptibilities, outraged by the passing over of Mr. Hardy and Mr. Conrad for the international distinction. Nevertheless, in 1921 the winner of the Nobel Prize was M. Anatole France, a good enough name, surely. In this year he is Mr. Yeats, whose supreme quality as a poet no one will dispute. Ireland thereby is greatly honoured. It is to be remembered that, according to the terms of the Nobel legacy, the writers favoured were to be those of an "idealist" tendency ; a qualification which may have been of assistance to the claims of such writers as Mr. Yeats, M. Anatole France, Tagore and Kipling. Mr. Yeats has been identified with the rebirth of the imagination of an ancient people ; Anatole France is apostle of European goodwill ; Tagore serves Indian education, and Kipling has kept fit the conscience of the average man. In a true sense, every artist, discoverer of beauty, is an idealist ; but the Committee has had to take into account the point of view of the original donor—was he not a manufacturer of high explosives ?—and Nobel would certainly have excluded from "idealism" any poet whose name savoured either of misanthropy or mere epicureanism : hence no doubt the absence of d'Annunzio from the list, a much more remarkable omission, from the purely artistic standpoint, than Mr. Hardy's absence or that of any other English writer.

Hyndman, the celebrated English agitator and founder of the Social Democratic Federation, who died last year at a great age, was engaged, towards the end of his life, in making studies for a proposed "Sketch of a History of Ireland." So we are told by Hyndman's widow in her recently published book, *The Last Years of H. M. Hyndman*. "The tribal period interested him greatly; and it was strange and delightful to hear mythical personages, long familiar in the poetry of Ferguson and Yeats, treated of as historical beings." As Hyndman was all his life a constant upholder of Karl Marx's theories, his book would probably have been a Marxian Socialist interpretation of Irish history—something on the lines of James Connolly's *Labour in Irish History*. He only completed six chapters; but the fragment (if it could be got hold of) might well be worth the attention of an Irish publisher. There are not too many Irish histories written in the philosophical spirit—by a philosophical history one does not mean a mere impartial record of facts, but a history written by a thinker to whom facts exemplify a law. Hyndman had a gift of most vigorous expression, as his various books on Socialism show; in literary ability no Socialist "comrade" surpassed him, except, of course, Mr. Bernard Shaw. He knew Ireland at first hand, had been mixed up in the Land League, and was the close friend of Michael Davitt.

* * * * *

A writer in the *London Mercury* alludes to the possibility that Belfast may presently claim a share of the Irish property now in Dublin, at the National Gallery, the Museum, and the National Library. These collections were made at the Irish taxpayers' expense, and, at the time they were made, the Irish taxpayer included the population of the Six Counties. The matter came up apparently during the Treaty discussions, and the Irish delegates must have conceded some right *à priori* to Belfast; for they allowed (see the Heads of a Secret Agreement, printed last summer by consent) that the question of art galleries, etc., in Dublin should at a later date form the subject of a discussion between themselves and Sir James Craig. This seems to have been an excess of generosity on their part, not justified on technical grounds, seeing that, in theory at least, the Treaty did not divide Ireland into two parts, but simply gave permission to a certain section to contract out of its own free will, or remain in the United Kingdom System. London is, temporarily and in theory, the capital of the Six Counties—indeed, it is in London that Sir James Craig usually holds his Cabinet meetings. We in Dublin have not claimed, as a consequence of our abandonment of the United Kingdom, any share of the treasures of the British Museum!

The Woman Without Mercy.

By MAURICE WALSH.

DELGAN walked the road all by himself, but Delgan was not lonely.

Behind him as he walked was a stupendous wide plain, and, a million miles beyond the far-away curve of it, loomed the blue-grey of mountains. And the same stupendous plain stretched away in front of him, slowly lifting its grey-green like the sea, until, like the sea, it rolled starkly over the horizon, beyond which were no mountains, but splendid, serene white towers of cloud lifting themselves out of the void beyond the world's edge. The immense arch of the sky did not touch the horizon, but went unbelievably beyond it on every hand, so that the towering white clouds seemed to be in the foreground, and the plain, that went from horizon to horizon, no more than an unstable palm's-breadth thrust up into the voids of space. An imaginative man might have a fear that this plot of earth would at any moment reel and topple and fall forever through that void.

But Delgan did not walk as if he were on the edge of an abyss. His stride was long and supple, and in his own mind he towered into the sky and looked abroad over worlds. He was at one with sky and mountain and plain, and the austere morning light he evolved out of himself. But whatever he was in his own mind, in fact he was no more than a bright speck on that weary plain—that overawed, shallow crater of grey-green sloping up to the horizon and falling off into the deeps of the sky.

He was a tall man and a lean one, with a clean, set, blue-shaven face and black hair cut straight across above black brows and coming far down at the back of the neck. He was dressed in an orange tunic, gathered loosely at the waist by a green girdle, and leaving neck, arms, and legs brown and bare. A film of silken, black hair covered arms and legs, and as he strode forward one would have noticed that he was abnormally long of thigh and unduly short between bony knee and lean ankle. On his feet he wore leather sandals, and his toes were spaced widely. He carried a long, smooth staff of ash, but he did not use it as a staff. Sometimes it was over one shoulder and sometimes over the other, and again at the back of both and bending stiffly as his arms strained it, and now and then, when he was thinking, one end of it rested on the ground and his chin rested on the other over his clasped hands.

Delgan did not seem to be walking of any set purpose. He strolled, he loitered, he zig-zagged aimlessly. He gazed open-mouthed, narrow-eyed at the tremendous sky, wide-eyed at the ghost-mountains outside the world, frowningly at the dust of the road. He whispered words to himself, he whistled a bar of a tune, he hummed the verse of a song.

Evidently the song was his own, for he smiled with some vanity, recited the verse with gusto, changed a word or two, shook his black head, and grew vacant-eyed with the inner travail of creation.

“ Though death doth dog my steps
With threat of hell hereafter,
I'll season life with love
And love with laughter.”

That is what he declaimed, and thereafter frowned with the doubt of the creator.

“ Death,” said he, to his toes, “ does not dog my steps, but only waits to welcome me at the end of pleasant roads, and hell has been quenched these thousand years. Moreover, I have small acquaintance with love, but, from what I have seen of it, it has many attributes, and laughter is not one of them. There is my brother Urnal now. If the tales be true, love has dealt hardly by him and by many good men through him.”

He strode on, still frowning, and the frown had not left his brow when he came suddenly on a fault in the plain and looked down into a little valley. He halted abruptly.

“ Talk of the devil,” he said. “ There is Urnal himself and the woman with him.”

That valley was one of the surprises of that plain. From horizon to horizon stretched the plain, desolate, lifeless, infinitely austere: a smooth, unlined, slowly-lifting floor, where nothing moved but the cloud shadows, where nothing could cower away from the terrible immobility of the void. Yet across all its vast space it was seamed with little valleys such as this: shallow, narrow, verdant: pleasant places, with a stream loitering and hastening in the hollow, a cluster of shielings at every wimpling ford, hand-tilled gardens running up one slope and, running up the other, terraced vineyards facing the sun.

Delgan dipped down over the rim of the valley, and there was no longer a bright speck on the plain; there was nothing but grey-green grass undulating faintly in the wind, and cloud shadows running under the sun. Down there the very atmosphere was different: quiet instead of immobile, secure instead of uncaring, human instead of timeless, serene instead of austere. In an open space near the water, where a dark alder leant over a pool, sat a man and woman at food, and Delgan went directly to them by a path between the garden strips. The man rose to meet him. He was a younger man than Delgan, but he was as like him as any man could be: a little taller perhaps, a little wider in the shoulder, a little less lean of flank, but with the same swing and the same liteness. His black hair was cut in line with his black brows, and he has a dour, set, blue-shaven face. His tunic was orange also and girdled with green.

“ At last, Urnal, I have found you,” said Delgan.

They placed affectionate hands on each other's shoulders, but in Urnal's touch there was, besides affection, some little hint of allegiance

"I am glad you have found me, brother," said Urnal in a slow voice that rumbled like a drum. "Why, were you looking for me?"

"That can wait," said Delgan lightly. "I am looking now for breakfast."

"Come, then," invited Urnal. "We have plenty." He turned to where the woman sat, her back against the tree, and : "Alor," he said, "this is my brother Delgan."

"I knew that he was your brother," said the woman. "You are alike and yet unlike."

"I have heard of you, Alor," said Delgan. "Men speak of you in all the valleys and in all the hills."

"And I have heard much of Delgan," said she.

"Only from his brother Urnal," said Delgan.

"Only from your brother, indeed," she admitted, "but he speaks greatly of you."

"That is my brother's way. But it is true that no one knows of Delgan, and that all the world knows of Urnal and his woman Alor."

"I am not Urnal's woman," said Alor quietly.

"And never will be," said the heavy voice of Urnal.

"Let us eat," said Delgan, and he and Urnal sat on the ground opposite Alor, who served them with brown bread and soya-bean cheese, and moved a great crystal jug of amber wine near their hands. As they ate they talked.

"It was up near the ice-line," began Delgan, and, pausing, went off on an aside. "Know ye that the ice-line is already down on the Cymbri, and I have been across to Eireann dryshod? The northern seas are all shallows these days."

"I know," said Urnal. "All the people are drifting south."

"Not all. There are some in Eireann who persist in living on the edge of the ice—men and women—all in the same tribe too, already eating flesh and evolving a god."

"What else did you find at the ice-line?" questioned the woman.

"Tales of my brother Urnal and a woman Alor," replied Delgan.

"If they were tales of blood they were true tales," said Urnal.

"They were tales of great sword-work," said Delgan.

"And why were you seeking your brother?" That woman was not afraid of any question.

"A man must do what he can for his own," half-evaded Delgan, "and I am Urnal's elder brother."

He ate slowly, his eyes on the ground and his face very still. Urnal had finished eating, and he sat clasping his knees, his eyes on Alor, and his face a stone.

"When you are still," said the woman, "I find it hard to tell which is Urnal and which Delgan."

"I am Urnal," said Delgan.

"No. You have a face like doom, and Urnal the face of one already doomed."

"You should know that," said Delgan to the ground. He lifted his eyes and looked at his brother and his brother looked at him.

"I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all ;
Who cried, 'The Woman Merciless
Hath me in thrall.' "

"It was a singer of the old days, ten thousand years ago, that made that song," said Delgan. "He made many songs, they say, but only that and another live."

He turned slow, musing eyes on Alor.

"Are you that woman without mercy ?" he asked simply. She flushed red to her red hair.

"I am only a woman," she said, a little bitterly, "and I use no wiles."

And that protest Delgan did not question. He leant aside and put a hand over Urnal's clasped hands.

"What is your trouble, brother ?" he asked, and their was grieving in his voice.

"I love that woman," said Urnal heavily, "and she does not know love at all."

"But, indeed, I do," denied the woman, but without heat. "I shall know love when love comes. It is what I seek."

"It is not wise to seek love," chided Delgan. "Why did you not stay in the place of women and let love seek you there ?"

"I stayed in that place and the men came. There was no man amongst them. I do not think there is any man in all the world."

"There is Urnal. He comes of a good stock. Is he not a fit mate for you ?"

"The father of my son will not be Urnal," was all she would say.

"Why not send him away then ?"

She threw her hand towards Urnal in an expressive gesture.

"I cannot leave her, Delgan," said that man, "and she knows that I will not take what she will not give. She goes in many strange places, and to kill for her in her need is a great reward. Killing grows on one."

"You know your rights, Alor," said Delgan, not seeming to heed his brother. "The people in all the twenty valleys would rid you of this man if you spoke the word."

"I am no coward," she said, "and I am not yet afraid of Urnal, though he is a killer."

"Are you not afraid at all ?" wondered Delgan.

She looked at him, and as she looked his face froze, became stone, became implacable as fate, and a glaze went over his eyes. Her shoulders shrank a little as in a cold wind, and her eyes flickered, though they held.

"I am afraid of you," she said simply.

"That fear will abide," he said in a voice of brass, and turned to his brother.

"This woman will never be your woman," he said. "Killing does grow on one, brother. In time it ousts all other passions, even that of love, and in the end the killer is himself the killed. Until that end, Urnal, you will be but heaping pain on pain, for this woman has no mercy, and soon you, the killer, will have no mercy either. The woman is not to blame. She is older than all the tales, and all the great tales have been about her. All men desire her, and she, all desire, desires no one. Let her go her own road, brother, and let you and me go back to my father's house above the marshes of Rem. Come."

"I will not come," said Urnal slowly, but unhesitatingly. "I am not unhappy, and I think that Alor is not unhappy either. I will go on until a better man kills me, or till Alor meets the man of her desire."

"And him you will kill, too," added Delgan.

Urnal made no reply to that.

"I was afraid that that would be the way of it," said Delgan. "I am too late for anything but the one thing," and he rose to his feet and looked about him.

Two horses, long-tailed, rough-coated, medium-sized cayuses of the plains, saddled, but loose-girthed, grazed some distance up stream, and towards them Delgan walked slowly. Behind one saddle hung a long, straight sword in its sheath, and Delgan, with a quieting word to the horse, fingered the cross of the hilt. The horse swished a long tail and went on cropping.

"Drinker of blood," he murmured, "my father made you; guard you the life of his son Urnal, if you can, this day. Will you tell me if death is the only cure for some things—and I the killer or the killed? Will you tell me to go my own road out of this place and leave Urnal to his? You will say nothing that are always ready for your own work. Tell me, then, that Urnal is a man dogged by fate, running in a narrow groove, and not to be helped but by blow of blade. Tell me that I must kill the woman too, O sword! You will not. To kill her is not permitted, but some day the people, for their own sake, will decide that she must die. You and I will abide that day."

He drew the sword, long and thin and with a blue sheen on it, and went back to the woman and his brother. He laid the sword at Urnal's feet.

"Brother," he said quietly, "I am taking the woman Alor."

Urnal said nothing, but a small cold flame came into his eyes as they rested on the blade.

Delgan lifted his ashen staff and ran a hand down its smooth surface.

"You were splendid company on every road," he said, "and pleasant thoughts your aim. You whispered wisdom to me when you were under my chin, and when you whistled through the air you brought me the words of many a song. Go now on a voyage of your own."

And javelin-like he threw it in the pool, where it dipped and floated and drifted aslant towards the shallows and the distant sea. Then he turned and strode down the valley to the hamlet by the ford.

The woman came across to Urnal and knelt by him.

"Kill that man for me," she whispered in his ear.

Urnal had not changed his posture, and his eyes were still on the sword.

"I will not," he told her. "There is no need. Delgan is not a swordsman, and he does not yet desire you. I will but disarm him and send him on his road."

Her breast pressed against his shoulder and her hands touched his neck.

"Kill him for me," she whispered, "and I will be the mother of your son."

He lifted his head and looked at her, and the stone of his face quivered and broke.

When the people—it was a man's valley and there were no women—had assembled in the talk-ground above the ford Delgan made his demand.

"I have a quarrel," said he, "that only the sword can decide. Will the people lend me a sword?"

"Who are you and whom would you fight?" questioned the head-man.

"I am Urnal from Rem, of whom you may have heard, and I would fight the man who sits yonder with Alor."

"There is dust on your feet," said the other. "Urnal rode in with Alor last evening and he had a sword hanging at his heel. He showed the young men some of his sword-play."

"Yet I am Urnal."

"And who is the other?"

"The other is already dead. He has no name any more."

"So would Urnal speak," said an old man, "and you have the face of a killer. Why would you fight?"

"For the same reason that Urnal always fought."

"What do Alor and the man say?" queried the head-man.

"Ask Alor and the man," cried a young man impatiently. "Give him a sword and we shall see if he can use it. Urnal of Rem can, and so can the man yonder, whoever he is."

The head-man could not think of any more questions at that time.

"Bring the swords," he said.

The impatient young man brought the swords. There were five of them shining wickedly on the grass.

"That is the best one," pointed out the young man, "and it is the best sword in the twenty valleys."

Delgan lifted and hefted it.

"It is a good sword," he agreed, "but I will ride out of this valley with a better sword at my heel. Come now and see this one kill."

He went up the valley, and all the people trooped after him and wondered.

• • • • •

The two blades clanged and held, and Urnal found that Delgan knew swording. He could not get his blade away from Delgan's—he never did get it away. The swords lifted into the air and screamed and writhed, and it was Urnal's arm that was forced up, and it was Urnal who yielded a step. The clinging blades came down in a wide swoop, and the blade of Delgan was inside the other. Close to the ground the steel wisps bent and writhed and groaned, and again it was Urnal who gave ground.

To the woman, leaning sombrely against the tree, weary of this work, to the half-circle of men intently watching, that sword-play looked no more than a supremely easy exhibition of skill—a small display of the art of engaging before the real work began. Instead of that it was a supreme effort of nerve and sinew. The tensed muscles stood out on forearms and on necks, the lithe bodies swayed and stiffened, the bony knees bowed and trembled, the sandal edges crushed the grass and bit deep into the firm soil, and the feet, that seemed to shift and leap with feather ease, met the ground with the stamp of iron. And always the blades remained locked.

After minutes the first blow was struck. It was the last blow also. At the very supreme moment of effort, before Urnal could yield the step he needed for balance, Delgan disengaged like lightning, and, as Urnal came in a stride, got in the blow he had played for : a sharp, crisp thud on the back of the neck. And on that instant Urnal was dead.

Delgan for a space looked down on the still body of his brother lying face-down at his feet. The people watched him silently, awesomely, and as one man they started when, suddenly, he swung on them. His face was frozen into something implacable as fate, a glaze was over his eyes, and his sword was held point forward in a stiff right hand.

“Who of you will take the woman Alor ?” he challenged in a voice of brass.

No man there said one small word.

• • • • •

Alor and Delgan rode out over the rim of the valley, and his father's sword hung at Delgan's heel. The great plain smoothed itself out behind them, hiding beyond all guessing the little lives that moved subduedly within it. Delgan had come out of that valley a man changed in some subtle way, and, in his own mind, that change should have shaken the heavens. But the void had not changed at all. The cloud-shadows still ran, the wind blew forlornly out of desolate space, the void remained austerely immobile. It took no notice of Delgan ; it took no notice of life ; it was not concerned with man ; it was concerned with Nothing.

Sackville Street, 1917.

Last year at Easter there were faces pale and bright,
For the Lord had arisen from the grave which was fear.
Hearts were airy, eyes filled with inner light.
It was wrought this miracle among the ruins here.

Among the ruins here last Easter year awoke
The timeless immortal, and for a sheaf of hours
It was fearless, wilful and laughing, though on it broke
The wrath of the Iron Age, the weight of the iron powers.

They were not vanquished. The stars were on their side,
The host of stars that glitter about their heavenly goal :
They see, as torch from torch is kindled, the fires flash wide,
A host of kindling spirits in the dark of Ireland's soul.

A. E.

In sending his poem, A.E. writes as follows :—

Dear Seumas O'Sullivan, You ask for something from
a well that is dry. But I have searched for things
drawn from it in past years, and found this made
in Easter, 1917, when the pillar that led us was still
fiery. I do not know if it is worth making public,
now that the pillar has become one of cloud. But you
can do with it what you will.

Ed. "Dublin Magazine"

Choses Vues.

By STANTON PYPER.

“*Moi j’ai vu cela.*” (*Le centenaire dans ‘ l’Immortel.’*)

IT is the greatest misfortune of the English that if they ever had a heroic past they have lost it utterly. The Saxons seem to have been, like the other Low Germans, coarse fibred and unimaginative, “creeping” as the old Gaels styled them. The slavery into which they were plunged, and from which they have never really freed themselves, blotted out the vague memories of the past. The Norman-French could, by a sort of adoption, look back to Charlemagne and his paladins. Did not Taillefer, at the battle of Hastings, ride in front of the Norman host, chanting the *Chanson de Roland*? But for the conquered Saxons nothing remained. When in the seventeenth century the English finally became Protestants, they turned in desperation to the Bible, and their heroic age became that of Joshua and David. And so they have remained to this day, some even fondly persuading themselves that they *were* Jews, and that the House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha stretched back through the ages to Jerusalem.

How many hopeless attempts have we not seen to overthrow this Hebrew tradition, now firmly fixed in the English mind? Let us be, indeed, thankful that in Ireland the gods and heroes of our land still live and people every *gleann* and *ard* and *sliabh*. Holding them fast, the Gael can never die, and with their inspiration he can look forward with ever greater confidence to the distant horizons, the ever-widening skies.

I have digressed, and I must return to the *Whirlwind* and its works.

To begin with, I may say at once that Vivian, Erskine, and myself were very young, indeed, and we knew nothing of business methods and cared less. Did I hear someone speak of advertisements? Well, we simply had none, and, what is more, did not even try to get any. Not that that made much difference, for who on earth would ever give advertisements to such a paper?

I may say this, however, that the paper itself was eagerly bought, and no wonder, for did not Whistler make specially for it his splendid “*Songs on Stone*”? Who that has one of those great etchings does not value it above price. That in itself was enough, without a thought of the able and sometimes perplexingly new ideas in the articles that appeared from week to week.

As Vergil pictured the Cave of the Winds, let me try to describe the Cave whence our *Whirlwind* issued.

Just outside of Temple Bar, in the shadow of St. Clement Danes, are a couple of narrow, quaint little streets that descend headlong to what was once the river’s brink. In days gone by the Londoners crept cautiously

up and down these narrow paths, where a false step might easily hurl them into the river. Between these two old riverside approaches, on the second—or was it the third?—floor of an old house much the worse for wear, which faced the Strand, were the editorial offices of the *Whirlwind*, two small rooms in all. Of furniture there was little or none—in fact, the inner room was quite empty, and was used for storing old copies of the paper. The dust lay thick and for the most part undisturbed, though I can vaguely remember seeing an old woman with a mop and pail of water hovering outside the outer door late in the evening. No doubt she paid perfunctory visits to our office after we had left, but what faint efforts she made had little effect on the grime of centuries.

Our office hours were, naturally, far from fixed, but there was usually some one of us there about ten o'clock in the morning, and after a generous interval for lunch, some one could remain till five o'clock.

I must say we tried hard to bring the *Whirlwind* out punctually, and nearly every week we succeeded.

As for contributors, at first they were but few, but they increased somewhat towards the end, and had the paper lasted a little longer I verily believe we could have got together quite a staff of contributors. However, from the start, the editors, especially Vivian, were the chief and, on the whole, the best contributors of reading matter. Vivian was a witty, well-read, and really brilliant young chap. Erskine was less brilliant and somewhat reserved, but one could detect a certain earnestness of purpose which his sparkling colleague lacked. His great enthusiasm was for Gaelic Scotland, especially the Gaelic tongue and traditions, and he has since become an authority on both subjects. Vivian's career has been somewhat disappointing, though he did one rather original thing, when he made a trip to Abyssinia (known to most people only through Dr. Johnson's ponderous tale). He, of course, wrote a book on his return, but I doubt if the book will survive him very long. Books written by globe-trotters are not usually of much importance—witness Curzon's book on Persia.

We had one outside contributor really worth mentioning—Purcell, the author of the “Life of Cardinal Manning.” He contributed some extremely good articles signed “The Odd Man.” He had had an adventurous life, had fought with the Carlists in Spain, and had been promised, if I mistake not, a title by Don Carlos himself, should his cause succeed. It failed, however, and our friend's chance of a title failed also. He was an entertaining old gentleman with a fund of quiet humour, and as a writer he had real ability.

We had another contributor, and a noteworthy one, Mallarmé. The author of the exquisite “L'après-midi d'un faune” sent us one sonnet, “Le Whirlwind.”

To praise the work of Mallarmé would be superfluous, indeed. Who does not remember that wonderful line—

“Lys ! et l'un de vous tous pour l'ingénuité.”

Even Rudmose-Brown, who knows everything about poetry, could not find much fault with Mallarmé. I remember well our excitement when we received that sonnet, written in Mallarmé's not very legible handwriting. Whistler, Vivian, and myself spent a whole evening in Vivian's rooms deciphering it, and we finally succeeded—that is, we succeeded in making out the words. There remained, however, the task of grasping the symbolist's meaning, and this was, in one or two lines, beyond us. Wrestle as we would, it would just elude us. Finally we gave it up, satisfied with what we had accomplished, and content to print the poem as it stood. Coming from this master of verse, we were justly proud of such a tribute.

This brings me to speak of Whistler, whose image always appears to me as I saw it one unforgettable winter's evening. We, that is Vivian and myself, dined with him at his club. The dinner was, of course, carefully chosen, and the wines of the best, for Whistler was a gourmet, and fastidious about what he ate and drank—which, heaven knows, was little enough. Whistler, though born and bred in the United States, and a cadet at West Point, the well-known training camp for American army officers, was not very fond of his own country. On this particular evening I remember asking him if he thought of going back to America. He replied in the negative, and added that he simply couldn't live there. Though he passed a good deal of his time in London, he did not care very much for the English people; in fact, he told me once he was glad to say that, as far as he knew, he had not a drop of English blood in his veins.

Paris was, of course, his favourite abode. There he felt himself in a congenial *milieu*, among people who understood him. One thing always annoyed him—being called an "Impressionist." "I am just myself," he would say, "and I paint things as I see them. If people who imitate me like to call themselves 'Impressionists,' they are welcome to do so, but I object to having any label fastened on me." This was always his attitude when discussing his own work.

After dinner we walked to Vivian's rooms. Whistler's figure, as he strolled along between us, I shall never forget. On his head was one of those wide-brimmed silk hats, tapering somewhat to the crown, seen formerly more frequently in Paris than in London. His tightly-fitting frock coat was closely buttoned up, and in his right hand he carried a slender cane, so long that it was almost a wand—in fact, he held it more like a wand than a cane.

To me Whistler seemed strangely out of place in London. I could not make him fit in with the surroundings. I could picture him in Paris or in Dublin, but this small, slight, elfin form was in absurd contrast with the stolid English streets and their self-satisfied inhabitants.

At that time the pride of the "lords of human kind" (to quote poor Goldsmith) was yet unshaken. It is hard for the rising generation of Irishman to realise what it once was. The word monumental gives but

a faint idea of it. It lifted the Englishman to such an inaccessible height, that from the lofty pinnacle of his isolation he could look down with a feeling that was, at times, almost kindly.

The pitiful strugglings and disputes that he saw going on beneath his feet aroused in him a sort of tolerant amusement—nothing more. And now—*quantum mutatus ab illo!* This ever-present atmosphere of a superiority, felt to be so self-evident that it hardly needed expression, aroused all that was most bitter in Whistler's nature. But he seldom gave utterance to the feelings that surged up within him.

But he loathed above all things the movement with which Wilde's name was so prominently associated, and that evening, in Vivian's rooms, he spoke a good deal about Wilde and his influence.

“‘A Rebours’ was the book that turned Wilde's head,” he finally said, “and now Wilde has set out to live the life of the chief character in Huysmans' book. Look at ‘Dorian Grey’—he got the whole inspiration of that book from Huysmans. I'm sure, I don't know where he will end.”

Whistler was a man of strong likes and dislikes, “a good hater,” as old Sam Johnson would say. He was, of course, often very unfair. “The sort of thing you pick up on the street,” was his description of George Moore.

This was not a fair estimate of Moore, whose hospitality I enjoyed at a later date in Dublin, and whose work I admire, though with certain reservations. But, of course, Whistler had had a bitter quarrel with George's brother, Augustus. Augustus Moore edited a so-called society paper, *The Hawk*, and, rightly or wrongly, this paper was accused of practising *chantage*. Whistler accused Augustus of unjustly attacking in his paper the reputation of a deceased member of the Whistler family, and, scorning legal methods, he decided to personally chastise the offender.

“I decided to give him a thrashing,” Whistler explained to us one evening, “and, not wishing to soil one of my own canes on the fellow, I bought one of those cheap canes the English soldiers carry.” The incident took place one evening in the green room of one of the leading London theatres—I believe it was the Lyceum. According to Whistler's account of the affair, he strode up to Augustus and struck him twice across the face with the cane, at the same time shouting “Hawk! Hawk!” Augustus, who was a tall man, rushed at his assailant, and either knocked him down or else Whistler slipped and fell—accounts differ. However, the bystanders came up and separated the pair, and the matter ended there, Whistler considering that he had vindicated his honour sufficiently.

A somewhat similar affair occurred in Dublin in the year 1900 (as well as I can remember), when Arthur Griffith chastised a man named Colles, who, as editor of a “society” weekly, had made a scurrilous attack on Madam MacBride, at that time known as Miss Maud Gonne.

Since the great Anglo-Saxon race, under the guidance of Albert the Good, has definitely renounced the duel, I suppose this sort of thing is

all that is left to a man who feels his honour aggrieved. I remember when I was a boy at school meeting a little old gentleman whose age must have been almost fabulous, for he talked of his acquaintance with Sirr, who arrested Lord Edward Fitzgerald. He almost shed tears when talking of the decline in manners which had taken place since the good old days. when a man could protect his honour by requesting an early-morning rendezvous in the Phoenix Park. Very likely he was right; in any case, a rough-and-tumble fight, however effective, is sadly lacking in dignity, and is a poor test of personal courage.

While speaking of Whistler I cannot help referring to the visit he subsequently paid to Ireland. On this occasion he occupied a room in a house on Beinn Eadair, usually known, I am sorry to say, by the very commonplace Danish name of Howth (meaning simply Headland). Now, from one of the windows of this room there was a "lovely view," and the occupants of the house waxed eloquent as they pointed it out to the painter. Whistler's reply was simple, but to the point. He called for some paste and brown paper, and promptly blotted out the "lovely view." "I detest *scenery*," was all he said to his astonished hosts.

One of the curious things about the *Whirlwind* was the number of strange people who called to see us, impelled, I fancy, by a feeling that there, if anywhere, was the place to secure sympathy. They came just to talk about themselves and their troubles, prefacing their stories, of course, with a few words about the *Whirlwind's* independent attitude and striking originality. Then they would talk and talk, all about themselves, and tell us how little the world understood them, and how they yearned to give utterance to the ideas that lay hidden in their hearts, unnoticed and unsuspected. Sometimes they would hand us manuscripts, and one or two of these we printed, but for the most part we could do nothing but reject them.

How many of these people there are in all great cities! Sometimes they have genius, but oftener they have simply some queer mental twist which they mistake for genius.

One visitor I remember well—he was a near relative, a cousin I think, of the well-known Mrs. Langtry. It was a bitterly cold evening in December and I was sitting in front of the exiguous fire which burned in the old-fashioned grate in our office, with the skirts of my frock coat wrapped round my legs, vainly trying to keep warm, and wishing it was five o'clock.

However, up the rickety staircase came the creaking sounds that announced a visitor, and in came a gentleman of middle age, who introduced himself and made the usual complimentary remarks about the *Whirlwind* and its works. Then he plunged *in medias res*, telling me a whole lot of family history, which did not interest me in the least. He had many grievances against Mrs. Langtry, but what he expected us to do for him I could not make out. Needless to say, with Mrs. Langtry's private affairs we had nothing whatever to do, and I did not hesitate to tell him so. But he talked and talked, and smoked my cigarettes while he recited his

chronique scandaleuse. Finally, to my great relief, he took his departure, after which I promptly closed the office and went off too.

I have omitted to mention one contributor to the *Whirlwind* whose name should not be overlooked—Arthur Machen. I am not quite sure, but I think his ‘‘The Great God Pan,’’ which we accepted, was, perhaps, his first published article. Unfortunately, we suspended publication soon after, and we only printed that one manuscript. I have always regretted that we did not have a chance to publish more of his work.

But at last came the *ineluctabilis dies*. The *Whirlwind* closed its doors; its brief and stormy career was over.

(*À Suivre.*)

Three Sentences.

CEILIDHE.

The red armada of the sun burned down
From Maheraroarty, melodeons played
The Waves of Tory and the young girls sat
Upon the knees of men ; I took my sup,
I kissed the mouth beside me and forgot
My sorrow on the cold dark tide.

SCANDAL.

Though I had caught the knowledgeable salmon
Out of the unlighted waters at Cong,
Fasted on holy islands where the sail
Still bends a knee, I had not thought, O woman
Of the dark hair, that you would make the priest
Talk from the Altar, and our love as common
As holy water at the Chapel door.

BLESSING.

O woman of the house, no sorrow come
Out of the glen to leave your floor unswept ;
When I was tired you gave me bread and milk,
And I might sit down by the fire and dream
Of her that crazed my mind ; when dew began
Behind the door and the lazy candle was lit
I made this rann for sleep ; no mouse creep out
Nor evil thing, O woman of the house.

AUSTIN CLARKE.



AN RINNCE.
From a Painting
By
John Keating, A.R.H.A.

Miss Baby.

By MARGARET BARRINGTON.

“Schön war ich auch und das war mein Verderben.”

CARROWKEEL, a small Ulster town where the finest table linen in the world is manufactured, is built on a small hill overlooking Lough Neagh. On one side of the hill, facing south and east, live the factory-owners, the doctors and the clergy. On the top of the hill are the shops, the two hotels and the banks, and there live the business people. One is at first scarcely aware of yet another town lying to the west, but if one goes down Irish Street one finds lying at the foot of it a town of small, crooked streets, mean houses, and poor, ill-nourished, dirty people. This is called Milltown, and is where the factory hands live. From here there is no view of the lake, no sign of the blue Sperrin Mountains. Every prospect is closed in by the tall factory chimneys, and every human being is the slave of the factory whistle.

In the linen factories there is more work for women than men, so the homes are untidy and ill-kept. The women have no time to clean or cook or sew. The children are sickly, dirty, and uncared-for. The men, such as are not regular factory hands themselves, lounge round the streets. Milltown is a rural slum.

In the middle of the last century there lived in one of these small dirty houses a boy called Peter Adams. Peter was a boy of reflective disposition, and at fifteen he discovered people were divided into those who owned factories and those who were owned by them, and that it was more blessed to own than to be owned. So he worked hard at Davis' factory, refusing to give up his wages, even when beaten by a drunken father, until he had earned his passage to America. None had the curiosity to enquire what happened to him there. His people were illiterate, and sentiment was crushed out of both him and them by the factory.

After half a century he returned, apparently still a poor man. He went to Milltown and searched for his relations. Such of them as still lived gave him but a poor welcome. He said he was poor, and they had no bread to spare. They told him so. Peter Adams was very indignant. There was no love, he saw, to be found among the poor. Only the rich can afford to be tender-hearted. So he turned his steps towards the other side of the hill, bought a house, and waited for his welcome. It was not long in coming. First of all, Mr. Owens, the bank manager, called; then, heartened by the sight and a hint dropped by him that old Adams had a pot of money to his account in the bank, the rest called one by one. Peter Adams admitted them and entertained them hospitably. They even over-

looked the unfortunate fact that he was a Roman Catholic and had been born in Milltown. The Church was not long in discovering his existence, and priests flocked to his house like crows round their food. The Rector and the Minister called for subscriptions. On all he smiled. He knew that it was his money they loved, but his money was himself, and he had his joke up his sleeve.

He died, blessed and anointed by his Church, followed to the grave by his Protestant friends, respected and beloved. He left over a million of money. And he bequeathed it—not to the Church, nor to the poor of his town, not even one penny was left for Masses for his soul. He left it all to build homes for destitute ladies of good family, a race of people in whom neither the rich nor the poor, nor even the Church, take the slightest interest. He had previously bought the land and got an architect to plan the buildings. It was the most beautiful part of Carrowkeel, where the Canon had planned to build a convent.

The Adams' Homes were beautiful, lovely lawns and gardens and delightful well-built houses, and there destitute elderly ladies spent quiet, peaceful, happy days.

The ladies of the town called on those who came of very good family, indeed, and were not too destitute, and it was the fashion to present these old ladies with fruit, cream, eggs, and other small luxuries they could not afford to buy.

One day, soon after I'd come home from college for the summer vacation, my mother called me into the larder and said: "Anne, dear, put on your hat and run up to the Adams' Homes with this basket. It's for Miss Strangeways, at No. 4. Run along, like a good child, and stop for a little talk with her, it would please her so much. But remember lunch is at one o'clock."

I went off up the hill towards the Adams' Homes and crossed the beautiful lawn to No. 4. Miss Strangeways came to the door, a gentle, old, white-haired, garrulous lady.

"Come in, dear, come in. How perfectly sweet of your kind mamma to send up those nice strawberries. We will enjoy them. Now, my dear, I'm so glad you've come home, because I have my young sister at home now and I do so want her to meet young people. We old sisters are so dull, so dull. You know she's been living in Donaghadee with our aunt, the widow of General Browne, who distinguished himself in the Crimean War. Now our poor aunt is dead, and she must live with her old sisters. Such a sad change for her. We are all so dull here, and Carrowkeel is so quiet after the gaiety and life of Donaghadee."

She ushered me into the tiny sitting-room with this torrent of words, and there left me, calling up the stairs, "Baby dear, Baby, come down; there's someone come to see you."

There was the sound of someone tripping down the staircase, and the next moment Miss Baby Strangeways entered the room, her arm in her sister's, her eyes downcast. For one moment I felt that I must laugh.

The blood rushed to my face and beat in my ears with the effort to restrain myself. I was utterly incapable of speech.

Miss Baby Strangeways was at least sixty years of age. Her hair was dyed bright yellow, parted in the centre and drawn over her ears. Two long, yellow, false curls lay over her shoulder, in the fashion of Elizabeth Barret Browning. Her face was heavily painted, and, crowning triumph, she wore a spotted white muslin frock, negligently tied round the waist with a blue ribbon. I was introduced.

"Baby, dear, this is Anne Crawford, one of our young people. You remember, dear, I told you she was at Trinity College."

Miss Baby held out a limp hand and smiled in a simpering fashion, turning her eyes up towards me and then lowering them to look at me through her lashes. Confused and confounded, I muttered something.

"Now I will leave you two young things together, as I've some things to see about. I'm sure you'll be great friends," said old Miss Strangeways, kissing me good-bye, "and remember Anne, dear, to thank your kind mamma for the strawberries."

Miss Baby blotted herself into an armchair and waited for me to begin the conversation. I was utterly at a loss. I could hear the clock ticking in the silence, and poor old Miss Strangeways cooking her lunch in the little back kitchen. I would rather have been out there helping her, but I knew she would feel hurt if I did not stay and entertain this beloved younger sister. At last I gulped out :

"Wouldn't it be nice outside in the garden?"

"I never go out this time of day. It's too trying on the complexion."

I gulped again. Wildly my mind strove to find a topic of conversation—books, flowers, clothes. I tried books.

"Do you read much?" I asked.

"Very little, but I'll read more here. My life up to this has been too much taken up with social duties. I've never had time. You read, of course?"

"Oh, that's my job," I answered in an off-hand manner.

"Your job?" she enquired. "Do you—ah—work?"

"As little as I decently can," I replied with a laugh, glad to be able to laugh at something.

Miss Baby didn't laugh.

"I don't approve of all this learning for women. I'm a little old-fashioned. Only very plain girls who have no chances and no social gifts should leave their homes and work."

I changed the conversation.

"I'm so glad those horrid tight skirts have gone out of fashion. I've brought home such a pretty suit from Dublin. It's a shepherd's

plaid. The skirt is very short and full, and the jacket is cut short just above the waist, and has two tails hanging down behind—one can see the blouse underneath it. I'll put it on some time and bring it up to show you."

"That would be nice," she simpered, "but I never wear anything all summer but white muslin. It suits my fair type. But, of course, you dark boyish girls must be very stylish or you look insignificant."

So clothes failed as a topic of conversation.

"You must really excuse me, Miss Strangeways," I said, "but mother told me not to be late for lunch."

"You'll come back next Tuesday, won't you? and bring some friends for tea, and we'll play croquet on the lawn."

Next Tuesday I went up again, accompanied by Ted and Susan Brogan. Susan, who was twelve, I bribed with sweets, and Ted with a promise to go to Omagh with him next day. They came slowly, reluctantly, yet, nevertheless, meekly, as lambs to the slaughter. Miss Baby received us and fluttered round us, twittering like a canary bird. She seemed much more lively now that there was a young man to admire her. She paraded all her airs and graces, shaking her head coyly, fluttering her little white hands, and looking languishingly through her eyelashes. I elected to play with Susan, so poor Ted had Miss Baby as partner. During a pause in the game I drew him aside.

"Ted," I asked, "would you mind doing something to please me?"

"Well, what is it?" he growled.

"Could you, oh, please do, Ted, please kiss Miss Baby."

"I will not," was his polite reply. "Haven't I done enough?"

"Please do," I pleaded; "be a sport."

"Get away. What's the idea, anyway?"

"It would make her so happy."

"Go on with your nonsense, Anne."

"Well, if you won't, Ted, I'll never be friends with you again, and I won't go to Omagh with you to-morrow."

"Yes, you will."

"I won't, so there, unless you kiss Miss Baby. Ah, go on, Ted; you might squeeze her hand anyway."

And with that I left him.

After the game of croquet, which Susan and I won easily, we wandered round the gardens, Susan and I unconsciously turning our steps toward the kitchen garden, where there were very fine gooseberries. A few minutes later I heard steps behind me. Miss Baby came tripping along, seized my hand and gasped: "Oh, Anne, dear, you musn't leave me alone with him."

But Ted had disappeared.

Miss Baby no longer held her eyes down. They were dreamily turned toward the sky. The fluttering had ceased, her youthful manner was all gone, she seemed terribly old and faded. I felt uneasily ashamed of myself, so I said quickly: "I must go now, Miss Strangeways, it's getting late."

"Anne, dear," she said, "thank God that you're plain and boyish. Beauty is a terrible curse."

For a moment the hard vision of youth was shattered and I saw with understanding.

"And, Anne, dear," she said, "you'll let me call you Anne, won't you? and please won't you call me Baby?"

Phantoms.

A Comedy or Tragedy in One Act.

By RUTHERFORD MAYNE.

Characters :

<i>Gnu</i>	-	-	An old man, maker of weapons.
<i>Hag U.</i>	-	-	His wife.
<i>Danon</i>	-	-	Their bondsman.
<i>Seeki</i>	-	-	A tribal chief.
<i>The Gowlan</i>	-	-	An outlaw.
<i>Seeva</i>	-	-	His daughter.

Time.—The Bronze Age or thereabouts.

Place.—The clearing at Gnu's smithy, on a steep mountain-side overlooking rich pasture lands far below.

The smithy hut is on one side ; on the other are overhanging rocks ; in the background, a stone wall with a gap giving access to an unseen pass and gateway lower down.

Hag U., an old woman, is seated on a rough stone at the back near wall, stirring a pot hung over a fire. There are herbs beside her, which from time to time she picks, and throws into the pot.

From the open door of the hut can be heard the sounds of metal being hammered by Gnu, her husband.

All kinds of primitive weapons lie carelessly along the stone wall. There are bundles of spear-shafts and lance-shafts near the rocks opposite the smithy. Rough blocks of stones lie scattered in the clearing.

On the stone wall, on a great rock near the gap, Danon, their bondsman, is perched. He should be putting an edge on the head of a new spear with which he mounts guard. But he has made a lute and is trying to play it softly.

It is the growing dusk of a summer evening.

Hag U. (sniffing at the pot)—I like this odour. It is strong. (Danon plays a few soft notes. She stops stirring and looks at him.) Is it always the birds that answer your fluting ?

Danon (laying down his flute and looking into the valley.)—To-night only the thrushes below are singing.

Hag U.—You had better finish that spear-head.

Danon—I would rather be a herd with my sheep upon the mountains than a warrior skilled in nothing but the making of spear-heads and the slaughter of men.

Hag U.—Gnarr. Fool. (*Looking into the pot.*) This is better. I will try it now. (*She goes over to the wall and searches, catches an insect, and brings it over. She touches it, as it lies on the ground, with the potstick.*) Um! The black beetle is hardy of life, but this . . . this . . . augh . . . the life has gone out of it. That is good. (*Gnu, an old gnarled man, black from the smithy, comes wearily out of the doorway. He is lashing a spear-head on a shaft.*)

Gnu—That is six spears now we have made to-day. Seeki may barter them from us.

Danon—One of the lambs you got from Seeki of the Blue Valley is sick. He will have to give you another.

Hag U.—Where is the lamb?

Danon—It is within the smithy, near the hearth.

Gnu—I saw it. It may still live. (*Going over to his wife.*) Is the mess good?

Hag U.—It kills flies.

Gnu—This is not enough. It must kill more than flies. Have you added all the witch-man told you?

Hag U.—Aye.

Gnu—What more?

Hag U. Listen. (*She whispers in his ear.* *Danon suddenly starts up in alarm.*)

Danon—A cry! I heard a cry. Did you not hear?

Gnu—Phht. I hear nothing. Is there someone coming?

Danon—There is no one in sight.

Gnu (going over to the wall and peering into the valley)—I did not see the Gowlan abroad to-day. That is strange.

Danon—There is no sign of life about his house all day. I do not see any of his cattle to-day by the lake shore.

Hag U.—Gnarr! Listen to him. He would like us to believe it was not the Gowlan's pretty daughter he was spying for.

Danon—His sheep are on the mountain, but no herd is with them.

Hag U.—The Gowlan may have travelled in the night. He goes long journeys to far places at nightfall.

Gnu—There was crying in the night.

Hag U.—There was.

Danon (suddenly)—Listen! Someone cried now. Did you not hear?

Gnu—It is the cries of the night you are hearing again.

Danon—The wind was coming from the west last night. It is men in the Blue Valley that were crying.

Gnu (chuckling)—The battle-axes may have been stronger than the spears we sold. (He looks meditatively at his wife stirring the pot.) I have been thinking since you began to make this thing to-day. It may not be wise for us to make it.

Hag U.—Fool. Is it not things for the killing of men you want? Do you not live by the killing of men?

Gnu—Aye. But not by the killing of all men.

Hag U.—It is as good to kill by poison as by weapons. Did you not sell a score of spear heads to the Gowlan last moon?

Gnu—Aye. He gave two milch cows and three lambs for them. It was a good barter.

Hag U.—Gnarr. Stupid one. You did not tell his enemy, Seeki. Fool. You do not know how to sell.

Gnu—But Seeki bought a score of battle-axes yester evening.

Hag U.—Only that I had sent word to him to beware of the Gowlan he would not have so armed himself. Give me that spear.

Danon—There! Did you not hear that cry again?

(They all listen intently.)

Hag U.—I heard no cry. Give me that spear. (She dips it in the pot.) Only for your old wife there would be no trade for your weapons.

Gnu—I would sooner see a death by weapons than by this. Men will not drink poison. I am sorry you lost your time making this.

Hag U. (taking the spear-head out of the pot)—Now, wise one. This spear will make the mouth to drink with.

Gnu—That may be true, indeed.

Hag U. (with a burst of passion)—If I were young and beautiful, I would —

Gnu—Stand off. (He seizes a battle-axe.)

Hag U.—The Gowlan has a wife and many children. Otherwise I think he would be one to my liking. Or Seeki, his enemy. They are both fine men. (She lunges at him maliciously).

Gnu—Leave down, or I hurl this axe.

Hag U.—Peace. I will do you no harm. I am not a fool. I am only an old woman. And you are old. We will not kill old things. It is the young we will slay. Try this spear-thrust on the lamb that is within the smithy.

Gnu (takes the spear and goes within. He appears again at the door)—If it dies, Seeki may not give another.

Hag U.—If it dies we will have many more to choose from. (He goes inside. Danon ceases gazing down the valley, and turns uneasily to Hag U.).

Danon—There is terror on me to-day. And the wind cries in the rocks. I am hearing it all day. It is like the crying of wounded in battle.

Hag U.—Let you keep a good watch on the gate.

Danon—Listen. I saw eagles descending from the mountains

down into the valley. Look. There goes another. They go to pick the bones of the dead.

Gnu (appearing at the doorway)—It is done. And I only scratched it with the spear-point. Go in and see it. (*The old woman goes within.*) That is a great ointment. A stab with a thorn would be like as strong as a spear. How goes the day, boy?

Danon—The day is almost gone. (*Suddenly rising.*) I see men down below.

Gnu (hurrying to wall)—Those are men surely, and driving cattle. It is not herds that are driving. That is the way a raider drives the cattle of his enemy. (*Loudly.*) Come out, old wife, and see this sight. Look. There is smoke. (*Hag U. appears.*) Come, see this. Look you now. See. There is fire in the valley at the lake.

Hag U. (grimly chuckling)—Hee. The house of the Gowlan is burning. The fool who bought the spears one moon ago. The battle-axes of Seeki were better buying. It was well for us we took the Gowlan's two milch cattle. That was a great barter. The fool. A warrior he would be, and go plundering. Hee, hee. He will plunder no more.

Gnu—I do not like this. There would have been more profit if he had been left some living. He will be so poor now, he will be able to buy no more weapons.

Hag U.—I wish you had driven a harder bargain with him.

Gnu—You may empty this pot. There will be no one to buy arms. We may burn these staves.

Danon—The Gowlan may be alive.

Gnu—Phtt! Alive. His house burning. His daughters and his wife, what of them? Did not Seeki tell us he would put them all to the sword? (*Musingly.*) His daughter, Seeva, too. She was lovely to look on. She was beautiful to look at herding her father's sheep upon the downs. I have crawled through the furze to watch her.

Hag U.—Shame. Shame, old withered heart.

Gnu (growling.)—No shame. Gnarr!

Hag U. (spitting like a cat)—Phtt!

Gnu—An end to this. We are too old to squabble. Come into the smithy, to strip the hide off the dead lamb. Let Danon keep an eye to the gate. (*He goes into the hut.*)

Hag U.—If any come to the pass below, remember it is after sunset. If they would speak to us, see they are not armed, and bind them. (*She passes into the hut.* A soft, wailing cry comes up from below. *Danon* grows suddenly rigid in a keen, listening attitude. The cry is repeated.)

Danon—Who cries below?

Voice of a girl below—Seeva!

Danon—Seeva! Seeva! The Gowlan's daughter.

Voice—It is Seeva. Oh, Danon! Open these gates! Open! (*Danon goes swiftly through the gap.* The sound of his voice

below can be heard. He reappears at the gap supporting Seeva, a beautiful young girl. She is trembling with terror.)

Seeva—Hide me, Danon. Swiftly. He is coming.

Danon—Who?

Seeva—Seeki. Hide me. Oh, I pray you, Danon. I will die if you do not. I will die.

(Distant shouting.)

Danon—Here. (He thrusts her into a crevice between the rocks, behind a bundle of staves.) You will be safe there until . . .

(Gnu comes out of the hut.)

Gnu—I thought I heard voices—

(Loud violent knocking below.)

Danon—Who goes there?

The voice of Seeki, without—Seeki, Chief Man of the Blue Valley.

Danon—It is after sunset. We cannot open the gate.

Seeki—Open. Open the gate.

Hag U. (coming out from smithy)—Who calls at the gate?

Gnu—Seeki of the Valley.

Hag U.—Bind his hands and noose him. Then he may enter. A man in battle-fury is dangerous. Go. (Danon goes.) Dip that spear in the pot. It is well to be ready for treachery.

Gnu (gleefully)—He may want new armoury. I have six new spears ready. And there is death to sell in the pot.

Hag U.—We will not sell the secrets of the pot to him—yet. He comes. (Seeki, a wild, dishevelled man, enters. His neck is in a noose, held by Danon, who follows close behind. Seeki's hands are bound, but he clutches in one of them a red-coloured girdle.

Gnu (bowing)—We are honoured, most worthy Seeki.

Hag U. (grimacing)—We trust you come in peace.

Seeki—Peace! You talk of peace. Foul—filthy—murderous—

Gnu—Tighten the noose

Hag U.—Stay. Let him speak, Danon. (Going over to him.) Seeki of the Blue Valley seems in a rage. But there is no cause for his rage on us. If it had not been for me, you would not be standing there to spit strong words at humble friends.

Seeki—You gave the Gowlan arms. Now you would give him shelter. Stand forth and speak, old witch. Where is he hidden?

Gnu—Whom seek you?

Seeki—The Gowlan.

Hag U.—We have not seen the Gowlan.

Seeki—You lie, old hag. He came this way. Only that I stumbled . . . look . . . his girdle . . . it was lying on your passway.

Hag U.—That is not a man's girdle.

Seeki—Ease off your strangling. Ease off, I say. I demand him. He is mine. Send him out, I say. Give me a battle-axe so I may see the red blood tumbling from him.

Gnu—Listen, master. The Gowlan is not here. If he were I would sell him to you. He is worth a score of oxen.

Hag U.—Seeki would like to kill the Gowlan, would he? What has the Gowlan done?

Seeki—He came before the dawn last night with half a score of men, and set upon our dun. The gods be thanked that we had taken forethought.

Hag U.—Hee, hee. Who gave thee that forethought? Only for the battle-axes of Gnu it would have gone hard with you. And how went the fortunes of the night? It is hard to know these things high up in the mountains.

Seeki—There is none living now to call the Gowlan master, husband, or father. We shall not rest night or day until we give his body to the carrion birds of the air. Where is he, I say?

Gnu—I tell you he came not here.

Hag U.—He came not here.

Danon—He is not here.

Seeki—He may come here.

Gnu—He may come here.

Seeki—He will come here, for he is still alive. He will be seeking arms, for he has none.

Gnu—His men? All slain, you say?

Seeki—All but himself.

Hag U.—His wife?

Seeki—Her body feeds that fire below.

Danon—His children?

Seeki—They burn with her. We have stamped out all that was once the Gowlan's, so—

Gnu—The little one . . . the pretty one . . .

Seeki—She, too.

Hag U.—Oh, the pretty daughter of the Gowlan. Oh, the one that Gnu would watch from the furze bushes. Hee, hee. She, too, is gone, is she? All that was once of her is in the smoke in the air. Hee, hee. It is good to see the young die, when one can be no longer young oneself. Oh, Master of the Valley, that is surely a great thing, indeed, you have done.

Seeki—Take off this noose.

Gnu—Pardon, master, but it is . . .

Seeki—Take it off, I say. I will not harm you.

Hag U.—Gnarr. But he is a fine man, this one. Not as fine as the Gowlan. The Gowlan is a mighty man. He stirs the dried hearts of the old women. Arrh. It is splendid to see big men in their fury. It makes the flesh leap. Oh! It is lovely to see burnings and fires and roastings . . . Gnarr. Roastings and burnings . . .

(*Seeva moans.*)

Seeki (in a white heat of passion)—There . . . is . . . some . . . one . . . hidden . . . in this place.

The staves that hide Seeva fall apart, and she steps out dazedly before them. Seeki stands staring at her, speechless.)

Hag U.—Hee, hee. So they were not all slain. There was one left. The pretty one. The young one. The apple of his eye. The delight of his life. She was spared, was she? Oh, there will be great clamour on the mountains after this, surely.

Seeki—Nothing shall save the seed of the Gowlan. She shall die. Release my hand, I say.

Gnu—Tighten the noose.

Hag U.—No, no. Let him speak. What will you barter for this woman, master?

Seeki—There shall be no barter.

Hag U.—Then we will let her go.

Seeki—I will follow her. She shall not live.

Hag U.—Take her away, Danon. Take her away. You that would let her in. Take her away, and set her free.

(Danon and Seeva disappear.)

Seeki—She will soon be dead. She will burn beside her father. I have taken oath. Give me an axe.

Hag U.—It is not good to break an oath. (She takes up an axe.) See this one. It is sharp. It is keen. It is worth a great price, for it was tempered ten times in the running water.

Danon (appearing)—She is gone. Seeki would want to be fleet of foot to follow. He will never find her.

Seeki—I will find her. Give me the axe.

Hag U.—The payment, master?

Seeki—If the Gowlan fall by my hand to-night, send Danon to my dun at sunrise, and he shall have the pick of the Gowlan's herds.

Hag U—We shall want a token.

Seeki—Let him bring this girdle. I shall not fail you.

Hag U.—Let him go. (Gnu and Seeki pass out.)

Hag U.—So. So it was Danon, the lute player, that had pity on the pretty daughter. It is bad to be pitiful, Danon. A maker of weapons should not be pitiful. He will have no mind then in his work.

Danon—The gods keep her.

*Hag U.—The gods? They will only laugh. That is all. I, too, shall laugh. In the night I shall think of the Gowlan and his daughter. . . . I shall think of Seeki of the Blue Valley hunting them . . . and I will chuckle. They will hunt one another this night, and the night to come, until they pass into night. They will hide, and they will crawl, and they will creep among the rocks, spying to get the spear-cast first. They will suffer angers and agonies, hungers, thirsts, and weariness, and their minds a hell of hate and burning fires—(she goes over to the *po*—to-night and to-morrow night and the night to come.*

(*A sound of distant shouting. They stand silent, listening. Gnu passes in.*)

Hag U.—He is gone?

Gnu—Like a hound from the leash. Listen. That is his calling to his men.

Hag U.—See that he pays his barter.

Gnu—He has sworn by the blood of his enemy. It is enough.

(*A noise.*)

Gnu—There is something at the gateway. I will see to the boltings. (*He goes out.*)

Hag U.—Let no more in. Go you, Danon, through the smithy into the ravine behind, and see the flocks are safely housed. (*Danon obeys.*)

Hag U.—I can see herds and wealth, and lands and many fine skins and woven cloths within this pot.

(*Two figures come silently through the gap. It is Gnu and the Gowlan.*

The last is a powerfully-built, but worn and haggard man. He staggers through the gap and leans brokenly against the wall.)

Hag U. (peering at them)—Who comes?

Gnu—The Gowlan.

Hag U.—He is not bound.

Gnu—There is no need. He has greater bonds than cords upon him.

Hag U.—This is not surely he that made terror of the night?

Gowlan (feebley)—It is I.

Hag U.—Surely that is not his voice? The Gowlan had a voice that called far hills together when he went hunting. Gnarr! I could have turned my body to a hate to go leaping with the joy of fright before him. Was it your voice last night came roaring on the winds of the west?

The Gowlan—Last night?

Hag U.—Last night, a far-off voice cried going through the rocks.

The Gowlan—I was abroad last night.

Gnu—There is more smoke drifting on the lake.

The Gowlan—It is from my haggards.

Hag U.—How does your wife?

The Gowlan—There is no wife.

Hag U.—Your children?

The Gowlan—They, too.

Hag U.—Had he no men without?

Gnu—He had no men.

Gowlan—I have no men.

Hag U.—The Gowlan speaks but little, and in riddles. Hee. He has no wife. He has no children. He has no house. He has no men. Then there is nothing left?

The Gowlan—There is now nothing left.

Hag U.—It is true. Gnarr! There is nothing left. Nor even in himself. The Gowlan is not living. He is only a mass of live flesh. His soul is dead. Phht. He is only meat for the eagles.

The Gowlan—I see your face . . . I hear you speak . . . the face is evil . . . and the words . . . I do not care. There is only one thing more to come—

(*Cries far off.*)

Gnu—Listen.

Hag U.—It is Seeki on the mountains, calling his hounds and men. He is alone. Let you go like a man towards him.

The Gowlan—I cannot go . . . to-night.

Hag U.—Your enemy was here seeking you. He left this token with me. It is a pretty girdle, is it not?

(*She puts it into his hands.*)

The Gowlan—My daughter Seeva's girdle. He left this here. (*He bows his head in anguish.*) My pretty daughter's girdle.

Hag U.—Your daughter's girdle. Gnarr! He does not think she lives.

The Gowlan (rising madly)—Lives! You say . . . she . . . lives.

Hag U.—Listen. Fool. Stupid one. Dolt. So long as the baying of dogs and the cry of the hunter is on the mountains to-night, know that the hare has life before the hounds.

(*The faint sounds of a hunting party are carried into the clearing. The Gowlan stands as if transfixed. Then clutching at a spear beside him, vanishes through the gap.*)

Hag U.—Now there will be joy in my heart to-night. Now there will be the strong wine of fury again in him. Oh, that I might see their meeting. There is nothing like the madness of strong men locked in battle to delight the heart.

Gnu—I am weary. It is time you had the evening meal.

(*She goes, muttering, into the smithy. Gnu watches her from beside the pot. When she has disappeared, he looks into it, and a slow, evil thought passes through his eyes. He slowly takes a branch of thorns, breaks off a twig, and shapes a goad.*)

(*The sound of Danon's lute comes from above.*)

Gnu—The cunning one. He has the pretty Seeva hidden. He has brought her the secret way into the ravine. (*He laughs maliciously.*) But he is not so cunning as old Gnu, his master. Gnrrh! She is not for you, young man. It is not from the furze I will be watching her to-night. She belongs to me—the master of the weapons.

(*He puts the goad into the pot, withdraws it, and feels the point.*)

Come out, *Hag U.* Come out. There is something here I would show you. (*She comes out towards him.*)

Hag U. (shivering)—It is getting cold out here. Cold. And it is getting dark. My hands are numbing. (*She stretches them towards the fire.*)

Gnu (suddenly stabbing her wrists with the goad)—Gurrrh. That will warm them for you. (Hag U. makes no cry, but silently moves towards the wall, and lies motionless beside a spear-head.)

Gnu watches her. Curiosity impels him to draw near and examine her face. She suddenly raises herself, and stabs him furiously with the spear. He sinks back, dying, beside her.

Hag U.—I am glad there is no one to laugh at our going.

(She sinks back dead beside her husband. The light slowly begins to fade, except for a faint glow that comes up from the valley.

The figures of a young man and woman appear in the gap. It is Danon and Seeva.)

Seeva—There is no one here. I am afraid.

Danon—Do not be afraid. They will be gone within to sleep.

Voice below.—Ho, there. Ho, there. Awake.

Danon—Who calls?

Voice—Seeki, the Master of the Valley, bid me give the makers of weapons a message. At sunrise you may call for the fulfilling of his promise. The Gowlan is dead.

Danon—I have heard.

Voice—There will be great peace now upon the valleys.

Danon—There will be peace. (A silence.) The messenger of Seeki is gone. You heard his message?

Seeva—I have heard his message. (A silence.) See the old ones.

Danon—They are asleep.

Seeva—I will not sleep. I will stay here, Danon. Here, in your arms.

Danon—Rest in peace, little one of my heart.

Seeva—You will not leave me at sunrise to go to the house of my enemies.

Danon—At sunrise we will go together, but not to the dun of Seeki. But every sunrise we shall be a day's journey further from this place. Are you content?

Seeva—I am content. And you will make no more weapons for the slaying of men.

Danon—I will make no more weapons.

(A pause.)

Seeva—These old ones . . . are they not very silent in their sleep?

Danon—Let them sleep. They are old.

(The twilight gradually fades out. Seeva rests her head on Danon's lap.)

Seeva—Play for us that, like them, we fall asleep.

(Danon softly plays a simple melody.)

(Curtain.)

The Sad Sequel to Puss-in-Boots.

By PADRAIC COLUM.

HE waited for me, this strange cat, and when I opened the door he entered the garret with me. I lighted my candle. Meantime he had seated himself on a stool at my table. I saw that he was a long cat, and that he had quite a broad back ; not a highly-bred animal, I should have said, but a plebeian of great character.

He had a wrinkled brow and eyes that were quite extraordinary. I declare that they were like pieces of jade become alive. They were mournful eyes. The imperative of misery was upon the creature, and he communicated it to me.

There was nothing for it, I realised, but to share my supper with him. I put my milk and bread into two bowls, and left one at my visitor's side of the table. He gave me a look of acknowledgment. When he ate it was like one who had a fast to break.

Towards the end he ate slowly, as one crumbles bread at a table preparatory to the opening of a conversation. Then he said :—

“ I have called upon you, not merely because you have a good heart, but because you are a man of letters. You can make the history of my misfortunes known to the world. I had intended to call upon Monsieur Voltaire, but I am informed he still stays with the King of Prussia. My case will not wait. I am not now as robust as I once was, and I cannot delay making my testament.

“ Without further preface or preamble I shall declare who I am. I am no other than the Cat of the Marquis of Carabas.”

“ The Cat of the Marquis of Carabas ! ” I cried. “ Then you must know the Marquise ! ”

At that the cat jumped off the stool and went pacing up and down my garret. “ The Marquise, ” he said in a most sinister tone. “ Oh, yes, I know the Marquise.”

“ I was privileged to see the Marquise at the opera the other night, ” I cried, giving expression—I will acknowledge it—to one of my life's enthusiasms. “ What magnificence of beauty ! And how wonderfully her jewels set off her beauty ! Her jewels were the talk of the assembly. The Envoy from the Sophy of Persia said that the star upon her forehead was unique—his master has no such jewel in his collection. But then it is said that her husband has a great estate.”

“ Surely you have heard the history of the Marquis of Carabas, ” said the cat, seating himself upon the stool again.

“ Surely, ” said I.

"You speak," said he impatiently, "as if people did not read Perrault any more."

"The Marquis of Carabas," I said. "A younger son, was he not? Quite penniless. He had a cat . . ." Then I looked at my visitor with greater attention. "Dear me," I said, "is it possible that you are the Cat of the Marquis of Carabas—the celebrated Puss-in-Boots?"

"I am that unhappy character," he cried. "The more unhappy in the fact that my name and my exploits do not spring to your mind at once. But can people really be so unmindful of one of the most sensational happenings in Society in our time?—a happening, moreover, that has been recorded by one of the great writers of the day."

"You allude to Monsieur Perrault," I said, not without a trace—I am free now to confess it—of mortification. "You allude to Monsieur Perrault. But it has been stated on quite good authority that Monsieur Perrault did not really write the histories that bear his name. His son, a boy of six years, really composed them."

"What does it matter?" cried the cat, with a greater show of impatience. "What do these questions matter? You all know the gossip about a book, but how few people nowadays know the contents of a book! I had expected more from you."

"The whole history comes back to me," I said hastily. "Pray, forgive my remissness. You aided the penniless young man. You caught partridge in your bag and you brought them to the King. 'Presents from the Marquis of Carabas,' you said, thereby winning the interest of the King, who was very fond of partridge. You went with the King and his daughter in their carriage one day, and when you came to the river you cried out: 'My lord, the Marquis of Carabas, is drowning.' When the young man, whom you had instructed to bathe in the river, was drawn out by the King's lackeys, you pretended that his clothing had been stolen. The King ordered some of his company to lend him clothes. Dressed up in this finery he was presented to the King. With his handsome person, and in the fashionable clothes that he now wore, he made such an impression upon her that the King's daughter fell in love with him.

"As the carriage drove into the country, the King would ask, whenever he saw a splendid castle or a particularly fine estate, 'Who does this belong to?' And you always replied, 'To my lord, the Marquis of Carabas.'

"As a matter of fact, all these splendid castles and admirable estates belonged to an Ogre. As the carriage came near the most imposing of the castles, you sprang out and went swiftly towards it. As you guessed, the Ogre was at home. You engaged him in a conversation. Ogres, like the rest of us, are not averse to talking of themselves and their activities. You asked him if it were true that he could change himself into something colossal. He changed himself into an elephant, if I remember aright. Then you asked him if he could change himself into something tiny—a

mouse, you suggested. He changed himself into a mouse. You sprang upon him and devoured the transformed Ogre. When the carriage came you were ready to welcome the King and his daughter into the castle of the Marquis of Carabas. The estates had already been appraised by the King. The betrothal of the Princess and the young Marquis of Carabas followed without delay. They lived happily afterwards. She is certainly the most beautiful and the most amiable woman in Europe."

The head of my visitor remained bowed, and I felt he was thinking furiously. "He was inconsiderate, of course," he said, "like all young men, but I refuse to believe that he was bad at heart—at least, not until his character was broken down by the sort of life she compelled him to lead. I cannot say as much for her. She was brought up at a court, after all, and you know what that means."

"I was disrespectful to her, she said. All that she meant was that I did not leave a room when she entered. She complained that I was impertinent enough to pass her on the stairway. But is it not excusable to make some little demonstration of one's worth after one had been railed at before servants? The truth of the matter is that the Marquise never liked me. From the moment her husband introduced me to her as his benefactor she became ill-disposed towards me. Why that should have been I do not know. But I saw hatred in her smile when she said: 'This, I suppose, is the Mayor of the Palace.'

"I had not asked the Marquis to make any definite arrangements in regard to my entertainment in the Castle. But he knew perfectly well that I had been looking forward to certain satisfactions. It is true that I was not used to pheasant for breakfast. But just because I was not used to pheasant I wanted it. And, anyway, pheasants abounded on the Marquis of Carabas's estates.

"I think it was in the third week that I was informed by the Major Domo that I could have pheasant only twice a week. When I complained about this I was told that the spectacle of my eating pheasant had a demoralising effect on the household. After this the higher servants refused to wait on me. I went to the Marquis, and he remonstrated with them, but in no very strong terms. He gave them the liberty to say in their impertinence that they had not been engaged to wait on cats.

"After this one of the scullions waited upon me. Then I had to give up going into the court-yard where I used to sun myself. The Marquise had had a dove-cote placed there, and it was alleged that my presence alarmed the doves.

"You spoke of her jewellery. I have reason, I may tell you, to resent her passion for precious stones. Would you believe that the Marquise listened to an impostor who assured her that my eyes were not fleshy, but were absolutely solid, and were gems of the first water? After that she permitted herself the criminal desire of wanting to possess one of my eyes."

I stared into my visitor's eyes, and I noted that they were strangely green and unchanging.

"The Marquis actually came to me to ask me to give one of my eyes to his wife," he resumed. "He said that as I was a pensioner of the household I did not need so many organs as those who were engaged in earning a living needed. I was provided for, he said. Also, he would have me believe that my eyesight was so powerful that a single eye such as I possessed was enough for any creature. I was exceedingly indignant. Then the Marquis entreated me. In the name of our long and unbroken friendship he asked me to give him one of my eyes for his wife. I refused to listen to this plea. Finally, he demanded my eye in the name of his wife, a princess of the blood.

"I was made so furious that I sprang at him. My claws did him no damage, however. And yet, that evening, no supper was served me.

"Naturally, I was resolved to have it out with the Marquis, and to have matters settled between us, once and for all. I awaited his return from the hunt next day. As the party came through the gates one of the huntsmen espied me and pointed me out to him. I had no intention of making an attack, although such was imputed to me. Can you believe it?—the hounds were hilooed on to me, and I barely escaped by running swiftly up a tree.

"That night the doors of the Castle and of the lodges were closed against me, and unruly hounds were set loose. This may have been the doing of the servants, who always disliked me. I went with no protest to the Castle. I crossed one of the walls and betook myself to Paris. I should, of course, have been delighted to have had the opportunity of meeting and conversing with Monsieur Voltaire, but I am sure, Monsieur, that you will do me the same sort of justice that he would have done me."

My visitor stayed the night and departed after breakfast. I fully intended to publish the history that was related to me. But I saw the Marquise of Carabas at the opera the night after, and I could not bring myself to publish something that would reflect unfavourably on so adorable a creature. What beauty, what amiability, what a radiant charm!

And so I am leaving this with the papers that are to be published posthumously.

The Charwoman.

Ponderous, derelict, as some old hulk
Storm-robb'd of all save its birthright, the gift
Of floating on the waters, her slow bulk
Slithers on squelching feet along the quays,
Her old eyes staring at the slushy stones,
Her face long-hardened in a haggling twist,
Mouth creased with barging, curses, whingeing groans.
A swollen purple fist,
Work-sodden, water-logged, ignores the squeals
Of zinc in torture from her swinging pail,
Dreary and stale,
Her dishclothes moulder from the bucket's rim,
Reeking of drab floors, greasily aswim
With oozing soap, slimy and rancid-strong.
Onward with heaving breath, shuffling and stiff,
In broken boots clotted and clogged with mud,
She drags her age and weariness along
Unnoticed, save for the ill-mannered sniff
Of thoughtless fashion maybe, or the mirth
Of idling children greeting her great girth
With plaudits kept for monster or giantess.
Onward she strels,
Pausing at last with panting aimlessness,
Facing, by chance, the river's azure flood—
Adrift, adrift . . .

Dancing the tide on the sun-rippled river,
Caught to the quay in impatient duress,
Tugs a slight ship with the canvas a-quiver,
Flecked with a dappling of aqueous gleams,
Lithe-masted, slim,
Tossing a pennant like flame on a candle,
Tossing and fluttering blossomy sails,
Daintily, daintily, scornful of mooring,
Dipping the rope with importunate stress,
Sea-girt and trim :

So a boy-truant entrapped by the sandal,
Snared on the perilous verge of the sea,
Coaxes, cajoles beneath April-bright lashes,
Striving to slip his foot naked and flee,
Gay-eyed and weeping,
Cunning of limb,
Cleaves his submission with mutinous flashes,
Offers caresses where petulance fails,
Seeking to buy with a child's reassuring,
Freedom to follow the venturous dreams,
Frolicking, leaping,
Singing to him.

Adrift here where a corner of the wall
Harbours smooth sun-warmed flagstones, dry of mire,
The ancient figure of the charwoman
Is touched by some strange passing majesty.
Flung massively against the morning sky,
Her silhouette takes on, a moment's span,
Some attitude of grandeur, pose of pride
—Ah, what though Cleopatra's barge drift down,
At last in shapeless wreckage on the tide
If gilded shadows stir the sea beneath!—
As graciously as death,
Remembrance dignifies the mighty form,
Hewing the sombre petticoat and shawl
Into dark monumental draperies;
The heavy bonnet with its random pin
Rears for an instant claim incontestable
To all the praise and homage due to a crown
On the white brow of some girl-queen of fable.
In the aged mind, dark-drowsed with misery,
The slender sailing ship has waked a light
Illumining this spot on the old quays
Where years ago—black years of endless night!—
A small young lad astride a barrel there
Played on a flute, and, to the joyous air,
A Spanish sailor, soft-cheeked as a child,
Quick, fierce, and lissom as a darting fire,
Danced with her in the sunlight till their hearts

Beat bird-like wings straining for flight together
Toward the distant many-coloured lands.
Barefoot he danced : touched and set free her fingers
And, dancing still, flashed forth between his hands
—Hands, brown and merry from rose-flinging weather—
A supple necklace of wrought ivory,
Fair beads, true-strung, carven in foreign parts,
Curious, frail as seafoam.

Suddenly

With the light swoop and poise that hold a deck
Caught in the flying rhythm of the storm,
He swung the sun-bright chain around her neck,
And laughed, a faun's laugh, gay, sun-drunken, wild
To see the foam-white of the carven string,
Matched with the young pure blossom of her skin,
Grow dim as an autumnal dream, that lingers
For love, about the flowery throat of spring.

MICHAEL SCOT.



Illustration for Ballad.

By
W. M. Geddes.

The Plays of Eugene O'Neill.

By ANDREW E. MALONE.

THE Arts have their fashions no less pronounced than those of the milliner. Impressionism, vorticism, cubism succeed each the other as the millinery of yesterday gives place to that of to-day, and that of to-day will be old to-morrow. Manet is dead, and those who have caricatured his method rule for the moment in what poses as the van of enlightenment. The Yeats who wrote *The Lake Isle of Innisfree* writes no more ; Ezra Pound has pounded him into a new form. The Ibsen about whom such fierce fights raged twenty years ago is no longer the idol of the cliques or the claques in the theatre. Strindberg, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Wedekind, Synge, and perhaps even Shaw and Galsworthy, have passed into the history of the drama. They no longer rouse the enthusiasm of those in whose hands is the moulding of reputation ; youth no longer regards them as rebels in the vanguard of the fight for intellectual freedom and honesty. The figures in Max Beerbohm's famous cartoon have nearly all fallen from their tubs ; they still preach, but they preach from the ground level, and their fervent congregations surround them no more. There are new preachers in the market-place to-day ; preachers whose voices are more strident, pitched higher to catch the ears of those whom ten years of war and distraction have rendered deaf to the ordinary tones of everyday. To catch the ear of the world to-day the voice of the preacher must be pitched so high that the aid of the broadcasting machine is not required. Violence is no longer extraordinary, the theatre audiences of to-day in all countries have been through blood and mud, and verbal violence is no longer a thrilling experience.

The violence of war has given place to the violence of words and the violence of movement. In the dance there is the Jazz, and the music of the populace is the jazz-band. In painting and in poetry the vorticists, the cubists, and the rest reflect the movement of the jazz. In prose there is James Joyce, whose *Ulysses* makes even the life of a filthy slum seem clean and desirable. In the theatre there is vulgar, glaring revue—and Eugene O'Neill. Eugene O'Neill is the great discovery of the post-war drama. His is the star now in the ascendant, outshining Shaw, Synge, Galsworthy, Barrie, Robinson, and all the Continentals. Even Tchekhov and Andreev are outshone by this new star from America. In the drama of nearly all of these there was little action ; all was argument about states of soul, or mind, or the social system. Nothing *happened* in a play by Tchekhov or a play by Shaw. There are no catastrophes of a material,

visible kind ; only the words are of importance. Eugene O'Neill varies all that. In his plays things happen, things that all may see and understand. There are fights, there is drunkenness, there is violent language, swearing and blasphemies, with a piquant American accent. There is everything that is likely to appeal to the post-war mind and taste. The language that might have proven too strong for the theatre audience in 1914 is not likely to shock anybody in 1923, and O'Neill's language will probably seem mild enough to those who have been accustomed to the language of an infantry battalion. His language is something which will probably aid him to popularity with those who have been the battalions, but who are now the bulk of the theatre-going public. His language may, indeed, prove to be his greatest asset in the theatre.

It is notable that, though Eugene O'Neill had written and published plays before the war, his success should be achieved only now. A volume of his early plays was published in Boston in 1914, but it was only in 1919 that New York heard of him, and since that date many of his plays have been produced there. Some of these plays we are now privileged to read, but the play which brought him first prominently before the public has not yet been published. This play is *Beyond the Horizon*, and it can only be hoped that it will soon come within our line of vision. Apparently some twenty-one plays have been written, and in the three volumes recently published in London by Mr. Jonathan Cape there are thirteen of these. Twelve of the twenty-one are one-act pieces, and of the nine longer plays six have been published. There is, therefore, sufficient material upon which to base an estimate of Eugene O'Neill as a dramatist, and to endeavour to place him in the dramatic world of to-day. Of course, any such estimate can for the present be tentative only, as he is still a very young man, and much may be hoped for in the years to come.

Of the man Eugene O'Neill little evidently is known. He avoids towns, and has not yet come within the circle of the popular literary organs. It is known, however, that he is of Irish parentage, his name betrays that, and that he was born in New York on 16th October, 1888. His full name is Eugene Gladstone O'Neill, which suggests that his parents were followers of Parnell and adherents of the older Parliamentary Irish Nationalism who were grateful to William Ewart Gladstone. His father was James O'Neill, a popular actor and theatre-manager in the United States, who had been born in Ireland. His mother's maiden name was Ella Quinlan, and she also was of Irish extraction, though born in America. He was educated at various Roman Catholic preparatory schools, and at the age of seventeen he entered Princeton University, then under the presidency of Mr. Woodrow Wilson. He spent only one year at Princeton, leaving the University to enter upon that wide experience of the world and its work which furnishes the material for his plays. In turn O'Neill has been secretary to a mail-order firm in New York, a gold prospector in Spanish Honduras, assistant-manager of a

theatrical touring company in the United States, seaman on a Norwegian barque which took sixty-five days to sail from Boston to Buenos Aires. He remained in the Argentine for a year, during which he followed a variety of occupations, ranging from the draughting office of the Westinghouse Electric Company to the service of the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Returning to the sea, he became an ordinary seaman on a British steamer plying from Buenos Aires to Durban, then an ordinary seaman on a British steamer from Buenos Aires to New York, and finally he served as a seaman on a British liner from New York to Southampton. Leaving the sea, he became an actor in his father's company touring in the Western States, but he did not remain long on the stage. He became a newspaper-man in Connecticut, after which he spent six months in a sanatorium for consumptives. Then he decided to become a dramatist, and spent a year at the University of Harvard, taking the drama course under Professor Baker. All this had been before he had reached his twenty-sixth year, a variety of experiences almost sufficient for any normal lifetime.

He is now thirty-five years old, and he has written twenty-one plays. Of the thirteen plays published in London eight have the sea and seamen for their theme. The others vary widely from *The Straw* and *The First Man* to the magnificence of *The Emperor Jones*. In the first volume are three plays—*The Straw*, in three acts, five scenes in all; *The Emperor Jones*, in eight quick-moving scenes, and *Diff'rent*, in two acts. The second volume contains seven one-act pieces—*The Moon of the Caribbees*, *Bound East for Cardiff*, *The Long Voyage Home*, *Ile*, *In the Zone*, *Where the Cross is Made*, and *The Rope*. In the third volume are *The Hairy Ape*, in eight scenes; *Anna Christie*, in four acts, and *The First Man*, in four acts. It is evident that in his ten years as a dramatist Eugene O'Neill has been very busy and has worked hard. Having determined to become a dramatist, he has already gone a very long way towards the achievement of his ambition. Already he has been hailed by Mr. St. John Ervine as "immeasurably the most interesting man of letters that America has produced since the death of Walt Whitman." Of *The Emperor Jones*, Mr. C. E. Bechhofer says: "If Mr O'Neill can continue to write plays as excellent as this it seems certain that within a very short time he will be recognised as one of the greatest living writers of English drama." High praise, indeed, from men of such standing as critics of the drama, which, however, sounds somewhat extravagant when one has read the published plays. That there is very solid achievement cannot be denied—*The Emperor Jones* is there to prove that, that there is genius and promise of its fulfilment cannot be denied either, but Eugene O'Neill must fulfil the promise before he joins the list which contains the names of Ibsen, Strindberg, Tchekov, Shaw, Synge, and Galsworthy. He is still young enough to unveil genius greater even than theirs, and *The Emperor Jones* leads one to expect that he will do so ere many years have passed.

The Emperor Jones is one of the most remarkable plays in the entire history of the drama. Its form shows that O'Neill's year at Harvard did him no harm, but conversely it proves that it profited him little. It is practically a monologue in eight scenes; only in the first and last scenes do any characters but Jones appear, and even then they play little more than chorus to the tragedy of the negro gaol-bird turned emperor. Brutus Jones, Emperor of a West Indian Island, is an ex-convict reared upon a past of slavery and crime. He has a touch of greatness, but is none the less a robber and a rogue. Beset by a revolt of his subjects, the Emperor flees from his palace to the forest, hoping to elude their vengeance. In the forest he loses his way, and in gradually growing delirium he lives through the scenes of his past life. Always he hears the tom-toms of his pursuers ringing in his ears, but his pursuers depend upon the forest law which will bring him back to his starting-point. As his reason deserts him he, who taught his subjects English, and even learned their "lingo" so that he could rule them, slowly reverts to his primitive beliefs, and all the superstitious dread of his race re-asserts itself. All his greatness and his meanness, his dignity and his servility, his humour and his horror are portrayed by speech and action in the six scenes driving remorselessly towards the tragic climax. He had taught his subjects that only a silver bullet could kill him, and in his revolver he kept a silver bullet for himself. At the height of his delirium he uses it, and they find only his dead body. In the incidents of the flight one is reminded of Andreev's method of externalising states of mind by speech and action. If the stage can produce the illusion of the forest at night, the visions and the terror, as forcibly as O'Neill's stage directions produce it, *The Emperor Jones* should be one of the most wonderful things ever experienced in a theatre.

The Hairy Ape is Eugene O'Neill's second great achievement. It is the tragedy of a man who "belongs" to the stokehold of an Atlantic liner, a man who is entirely out of place on land, known to his mates by the name of Yank. While the men are at work in the stokehold they are visited by Mildred Douglas, a passenger on a voyage to England. Mildred is the daughter of one of the directors of the steamship company coming to London to indulge her craving for the study of slum life. When she visits the stokehold, hears Yank's language and sees his beast-like form, she faints. A "filthy beast" she calls him; but this is afterwards translated by one of his mates into "hairy ape." The description wounds him deeply, and he vows to avenge the insult. "I scared her," he says. "Why de hell should I scare her? Who de hell is she? Aint she de same as me? Hairy ape, huh? I'll show her I'm better'n her, if she on'y knew it. I belong and she don't, see! I move and she's dead! Twenty-five knots an hour, dat's me! Dat carries her, but I make dat. She's on'y baggage. Sure! (Again, bewildered). But, Christ, she was funny-lookin'! Did yuh pipe her hands? White and skinny. Yuh could see de bones trough 'em. And her mush, dat was

dead white, too. And her eyes, dey was like dey'd seen a ghost. Me, dat was ! Sure ! Hairy ape ! " He tries to encounter Mildred as she leaves the ship, but he is prevented by the officers. Long, the ship's socialist orator, takes him ashore in New York in an effort to convince him that not Mildred only but her entire class is the enemy. Yank gets very drunk and is arrested in a street brawl. Having been informed in prison that the Industrial Workers of the World desires to blow up the great steel works owned by Mildred's father, Yank goes to the offices of that organisation and offers his services for the job. He is suspected of being an *agent provocateur*, and is forcibly ejected from the offices. In the final scene he is found in the New York Zoo talking to the big gorilla. Having made the gorilla familiar with his philosophy and the results of his own experiences of the world, he opens the cage and releases the animal. "*(The gorilla scrambles gingerly out of the cage. Goes to Yank and stands looking at him. Yank keeps his mocking tone—holds out his hand.) Shake—de secret grip of our order. (Something, the tone of mockery, perhaps, suddenly enrages the animal. With a spring he wraps his huge arms around Yank in a murderous hug. There is a crackling snap of crushed ribs—a gasping cry, still mocking, from Yank.)*" As he dies, Yank says : " Ladies and gents, step forward and take a slant at de one and only—(his voice weakening)—one and original—Hairy Ape from de wilds of . . ." *The Hairy Ape* is an extraordinary blend of weird fantasy and extreme realism. Yank, however, is the only character who really lives ; all the others merely serve as a background against which he stands out. He resembles Brutus Jones in the primitiveness of his nature ; but whereas the primitiveness of Jones is spiritual, that of Yank is entirely physical. Yank " belongs," and the world's movement depends upon him ; all who do not " belong " have no interest for him. *The Hairy Ape* is a play that should give thrills in plenty to any theatre audience.

Anna Christie has been seen upon the London stage, and has had a very mixed reception from the critics. Its story is now too well known to need repetition. It is an ambitious play spoiled by its fourth act, which produces an effect of anti-climax. Throughout the play one finds a *motif* which seems to obsess O'Neill's mind, the idea that everybody envies the life and the work of every other body. The seaman hates the " ole davil sea " and desires an inland farm, while Anna Christie has fled from an inland farm for the life of the streets. It is probably true that most human beings are discontented with their lot. The theory of progress is founded upon such discontent ; but O'Neill shows not progress but retrogression to be the result of change. Steadily downward go his people who change their jobs ; but whatever be the result of the varied experiences of the dramatist, it is certainly not all the truth of human experience.

In *The Straw* is the theme that love may cure where medicines fail. The scene is laid, for the most part, in a sanatorium for consumptives, where Eileen Carmody, whose disease is due to the drudgery of a house-

hold, is being treated. Her father is a drunken good-for-nothing, and her four sisters and brothers have worn out her strength since the death of their mother. Her fiancé, Fred Nicholls, cools off immediately he hears that Eileen is suffering from consumption, and in the sanatorium she feels utterly alone. She meets Stephen Murray, a newspaper man disillusioned and disgusted with life, who is also being treated for consumption. He is Irish, as she is, and he treats her kindly. She encourages him to write stories, which she types for him, through which he achieves some measure of success. Murray is cured, and is about to leave the sanatorium when, at a midnight meeting outside the sanatorium, Eileen declares her love for him. He tells her he will return to see her, will write her regularly, but she knows he does not love her. She is sent to bed, and becomes steadily worse. Four months later Murray returns to the sanatorium and visits Eileen, who instantly divines that he has no love for her. He is shocked at her emaciated appearance, and as he leaves her, promising to see her again before he departs for New York, he learns that she is to be sent to the State Farm to die. Miss Gilpin, a nurse, informs Murray that his love is the only thing that can help Eileen—it is now too late to save her life. Murray, in a state of wild distraction, rushes back to Eileen to declare his love for her. He declares it is his intention to marry her and to take her to a smaller sanatorium, near which he will live and be with her. One is left hoping that the cure may be effected, but with very little to base one's hope upon. This is the only play where one is left guessing what the end may be ; it is also the only play in which O'Neill is a sentimentalist. In this play the character drawing is perfect. We know the girl's abominable relatives, her weakling fiancé, as we know herself and the self-centred Stephen Murray. What they do is the only thing they could do in the circumstances, and the circumstances are the best that could reveal their qualities. The scenes and the routine of the sanatorium are so real that they are experienced.

The First Man and *Diff'rent* are the least satisfying of O'Neill's longer plays. *Diff'rent* is a study in the psychology of sex, in which a woman rejects her lover because he is not quite so "diff'rent" from other men as she had expected, but thirty years later she is found playing the fool with her old, and constant, lover's nephew. It is true, as Mr. St. John Ervine says, that the play has a beginning and an end but no middle ; but it is none the less true that it acts very well indeed. It has been acted in London and in Dublin, and in each place it has been very successful on the stage. *The First Man* is also a study in the psychology of sex. The craving for motherhood has been awakened in Martha Jayson by contact with the motherless children of her husband's friend, Richard Bigelow. The Jaysons had previously, many years before, had two children who had died when very young, and they had agreed to keep fresh the memory of these by having no others. They had plunged into the study of archæology, travelling over the earth in the course of

their studies. Curtis Jayson is about to start on another expedition, and has with great difficulty obtained permission for his wife to accompany him as usual, when she informs him that she is about to have a child. He is very angry at this, and some very good scenes as to the relative life work of each ensue. Meanwhile scandal is busy in the little town, coupling Bigelow, whose past is doubtful, with Mrs. Jayson. At the birth of the baby Mrs. Jayson dies. It is a boy, the first boy born to the junior members of the Jayson family, but only the old maiden aunt is very pleased. The assembled family make Jayson aware of the scandal-mongering, and he departs on his expedition pouring maledictions on his relatives, and leaving *The First Man* to the care of his aunt. The play will probably act very well, but in reading it is somewhat unreal. The attempted symbolism may account for the unreality—but in searching for the first man in the world, Curtis Jayson finds him in his own home circle.

Of the short plays little need be said, though they contain some of O'Neill's best and most characteristic work. They are probably only chips from his workshop, mere thumbnail sketches for his larger work, but they contain character sketches in many instances superior to any in the more ambitious plays. Sometimes the same character is more vividly portrayed in the one-act play than it is when it re-appears in the longer plays. The short plays are more impressions than analyses. None is marked by profundity; they are all more concerned with the work and the surroundings of men than with their souls and their philosophy. This is particularly true of *The Moon of the Caribees*, *The Long Voyage Home*, and *In the Zone*; but in *Where the Cross is Made* and *The Rope* are contained stories, horrible stories, which are thrust upon one with a cumulative force that is amazing. *Ille* and *In the Zone* are, perhaps, the best of the one-act plays. In each of these there is a true balance between character and setting, and the dramatic intensity of each is very marked. In all these short plays O'Neill's grip of a story is very well exemplified. There is vivid imagination, retentive memory, dialogue that compels by its obvious truth, the whole fused to produce several little masterpieces. Even if they be merely prentice work—they are certainly the work of his earlier years as a dramatist—it is probable that many people will consider that they contain the best work that O'Neill has yet done with the exception of *The Emperor Jones*.

Of O'Neill's method there is not much to say, except that it is different in every play. Realist, sentimental, fantasist, he uses the method and the framework that best suits his story. In *The Emperor Jones* and *The Hairy Ape* he comes very close to the method of the cinema; but in all his plays he ignores the fact that Aristotle laid down rules and that Professor Baker taught those rules in the University of Harvard. His method is as changeable as the sea, and it is perfectly obvious that he has learned more from the sea than he did from Professor Baker. In the plays may be seen the strength of the sea as well

as its fluidity. He is still experimenting, and in his experiments O'Neill may discover a form which in its apparent formlessness may be more intensely dramatic than anything the theatre has yet known. He is to the contemporary drama what James Joyce is to the contemporary novel—an experimentalist who jars sometimes, provokes often, but who interests always. He cannot be ignored even now, though his best work has in all probability yet to come. He may decide as he grows older that the rules of Aristotle are good rules and still useful to the dramatist; but even if he does it is certain that his work will never degenerate to the level of the machine-made drama which seems to be preferred by the managers of theatres.

If O'Neill has ignored Aristotle, he certainly has not ignored the modern drama and its writers. In his work may be found traces of many dramatists from Andreev and Strindberg to Bernard Shaw; pervading his dialogue through and through is the work of John Millington Synge. In almost every play may the traces of Synge be found. It is no gentle echo either, but the full-throated voice of the master. In *The Hairy Apr.*, *Anna Christie*, and *The Straw* may be found how much Eugene O'Neill owes to Synge. "Oh, to be scudding south again wid the power of the Trade Wind driving her on steady through the nights and the days ! Full sail on her ! Nights and days ! Nights when the foam of the wake would be flaming wid fire, when the sky'd be blazing and winking wid stars. Or the full moon, maybe," says Paddy in *The Hairy Ape*. "Let you not be hiding from me, whoever's here—though 'tis well you know I'd have a right to come back and murder you," says Burke in *Anna Christie*. And Carmody, in *The Straw*, has the Synge accent on every word he utters. And it is not the Synge accent only that O'Neill has acquired, he seems to have absorbed the entire Synge philosophy of the drama. "In countries where the imagination of the people, and the language they use, is rich and living, it is possible for a writer to be rich and copious in his words, and at the same time to give the reality, which is the root of all poetry, in a comprehensive and natural form. In the modern literature of towns, however, richness is found only in sonnets, or prose poems, or in one or two elaborate books that are far away from the profound and common interests of life. . . . On the stage one must have reality, and one must have joy ; and that is why the intellectual modern drama has failed, and people have grown sick of the false joy of the musical comedy, that has been given them in place of the rich joy found only in what is superb and wild in reality. In a good play every speech should be as fully flavoured as a nut or apple, and such speeches cannot be written by anyone who works among people who have shut their lips upon poetry." These words from the preface to *The Playboy of the Western World* summarise Synge's philosophy of the drama, and they summarise also the plays of Eugene O'Neill. In O'Neill's plays there is reality and there is joy, there is the reality of life and the joy of life ; his vocabulary is rich with the richness of life and work, and his people

have that wildness which civilisation accentuates. His speeches are fully flavoured as a nut or an apple, and they have the poetry of human endeavour and human suffering. There are people who may not like his full-flavoured speeches, just as there are people who do not like nuts or apples, but, like them or not, they will compel attention by their exuberant power. O'Neill's plays will bring to the theatre reality and joy ; they are the plays that Synge sought for, but which he could not find because such plays had not yet been written. Synge has been to O'Neill a guide, philosopher, and friend ; his advice has been taken and magnificently vindicated in practice. O'Neill has lived among people who have not shut their lips upon poetry, and who are at the same time bound up in the profound and common interests of life. It is, of course, fitting that one Irishman, who has never set foot in Ireland, should be strongly influenced by another, particularly when that influence is exerted by the greatest of Irish dramatists. Bernard Shaw has also influenced O'Neill, but to a very much less degree ; his influence does not permeate these plays as does that of Synge. It is somewhat remarkable that the dramatists who have made the English theatre familiar with strong speech should all be Irishmen. It was Leanox Robinson who first used the word " bloody " as an adjective in a modern play, and Bernard Shaw shocked England when he made Eliza Doolittle repeat the word. But Robinson and Shaw are mealy-mouthed when compared with O'Neill, and where Shaw merely shocked, O'Neill might horrify—but then the war has come between Bernard Shaw and Eugene O'Neill.

The Will.

By FLORENCE HACKETT.

A WOMAN lay on her bed in her dingy room. She was slowly, but surely dying. Pitiful, it was to see her big frame shaking, to listen to her feverish chattering. The two women watching were not stirred to pity. They talked about her freely, stopping only to shove the patient back into bed if, in her delirium, she got too active.

Jane, the smaller of the two watching women, spoke first, a brisk little woman. She spoke in a sprightly manner. She loved death, for death to her meant money. The laying out of this woman, she so eagerly watched, meant for her a red petticoat, to-night for the first time she felt sure ; she had it as good as bought.

“She’ll hardly last the night.”

The fat, pale-faced servant beside her shook her head.

“I dunno,” she said.

“She’ll go,” Jane answered. “As like as not she’ll go out with the coming of the day.” She spoke as an expert. “That’s what most of them do. Many a one I seen, strong and healthy and well in the early part of the night and coming on to morning they’d slip away, while ye’d be looking around ye.”

The dying woman stirred violently, and, throwing back the clothes she sat up as if to protest, but a string of disconnected utterances only came from her before she fell back again, a dribble coming from her lips, her eyes roaming.

Jane settled her once more with Kate’s help. They shook the pillows and tucked her firmly in. The querulous protests of the patient were of no avail. Finished, they moved back to the end of the bed, leaning on it to talk, to help pass the time away.

“She’s dying hard, Kate,” Jane said. “Ah, well, what else could you expect? She was a hard woman. Many a time I seen her, myself, an’ she taking a sweet off the scales for fear she’d give a child good weight, an’ sittin’ down there until eleven, maybe, some nights to pick over the vegetables that were turning stale. Never a farthing in charity did I hear tell of her givin’. Ah, it was the narrow heart she had. It’d answer her better now if she had been a bit generous. How long are ye with her?”

“Goin’ on nine years,” said Kate. “I’d never have stayed but for the daughter’s sake. Hard she was, for certain.”

Again the dying woman shot out an arm in protest, an arm which she had freed by struggle and wriggling. Kate was a little abashed. “Maybe it wasn’t right to be talking like this and the woman dying.” She bent over her for the first time a little tenderly—compunction on her now.

" You'd imagine she'd be hearing," she said, turning back to Jane.

" Ah, there's no fear of that; the senses have left her long ago." Reassured, they soon began to talk again.

" She must have a fine heap put by; wouldn't ye say so, Kate?" Kate answered slowly; it was a question hard to answer.

" She scraped and scrooged right enough. They say the son was a heavy drag on her, and, sure, the shop has gone to the mischief this while back, ye know." (Her voice dropped to a whisper,) " The daughter isn't a bit of good for business; credit an' all she gives. She'd never make a success of it, or of anything, for that matter."

" We'll soon know what she left, whatever," Jane answered, as the woman on the bed moaned. " She won't hold out much longer."

Both women stopped talking, attracted by a noise outside. Kate winked and shook her head; Jane moved to the bedside to hold a glass of water to the dying woman's lips. And so the woman entering found them. Tall and bent, her big, ungainly figure seemed to fill the room.

Slowly, in a lifeless manner, she made to the bedside. The world had dealt harshly with her. Her life had been a tragedy. Was this release, or more tragedy? she wondered, as she stood by the bedside and spoke to the dying woman, called her mother, and asked her how she felt. The words uttered from her lips, not from her heart, were for the benefit of the lookers-on, for Alice knew her actions would be talked about, aye, even here. Was her mother dying? Everyone said so, but the daughter doubted it. She doubted almost that one so hard, such a tyrant, could ever die. Yes, hard, so hard. Her only object in life was to help her son, her drunken wastrel of a son. For him Alice had been sacrificed, every penny given her had been grudged. Every hour of the day for all the years long gone by had she worked and slaved and never had the handling of a penny that had been made. She knew people despised her, pitied her for a poor creature, but none saw, for none could see, any external evidence of the strong, fierce passions which burnt inside her underneath her drab and seemingly calm exterior.

She knew she could recite prayers for the dying, be tender to this heaving and muttering body. She couldn't do it, her wounds were too fresh. As easy ask the condemned man to praise the hempen rope for his neck, she thought to herself. She turned back to the women, now standing before the little grate in which a small fire burned

" She's no better?"

" No, miss, I doubt she'll put in the night. The priest was with her an' you lying down. He says she'll surely go this time."

It was news to Alice, good news, she knew, by the flutter in her heart. It wasn't natural to feel like this. She knew it, but there had been much in her life that wasn't natural.

The women were anxious to get away. They were free to go now the daughter was here, but they didn't want to show too much haste.

Kate stopped to ask if Mister Phil was coming back. Alice couldn't say ; he was written to, anyway.

" Let you go now ; I'll call you if she gets worse."

The women made for the door. Its creaking disturbed the dying woman. She spoke loudly, shrilly, of money, business, of her daughter, her absent son. Her daughter shook her head as she heard her ; no dying here, too much strength. But she was wrong. Soon a relapse came ; her mother fell back exhausted.

" Jane ! Kate !" Alarmed now, she quickly called them. Soon they came, wiping from their mouths their interrupted tea. No doubt, now ; Alice was convinced the end was near. Together they knelt and prayed out loud, pausing now and again to listen. Soon they heard what they waited for—the death-rattle in the woman's throat. Soon it was all over.

" Come, Miss Alice, dear." Kate said, " let ye go into the kitchen while we lay her out. Come now. When we have the place readied ye can come back."

Alice soon reached the kitchen. The bright little fire looked cheery. The kettle bubbled on the hob. She longed for a cup of tea. To have it now, she thought, would only give rise to talk, so she refrained, and added another little sacrifice to the many gone before.

After a while she was back in the little room alone, alone with the dead. Taking a candle from the table, no longer littered with bottles and glasses, she gazed at the face, so strangely quiet, so unfamiliar now ; a beautiful corpse thay had said in the kitchen, and, as she gazed, she had to admit its truth. No flowers were here, no trappings, no brilliant light, but all the wonderful dignity and splendour of death. Alice gazed in astonishment. She asked herself could it be possible—could this really be the woman she had known ?

It wasn't for nothing Jane Dunphy had spent her life laying out people ; as she came back to the room for some forgotten trifle she looked again towards the bed, taking an artist's pride in the handiwork she thought was hers.

Alice sat by the old-fashioned grate alone on into the night ; she expressed a wish to do so, and the unreluctant women humoured her. It was very still here by the fire ; no longer were sounds coming from the kitchen.

Alice listened to make sure, and then, gently, she stood up. Stealthily, on tiptoe she went to the table by the bed, her eyes watching the door handle, now pausing to listen, her breath labouring, her flat chest heaving with excitement.

Soon she found what she sought—the bunch of keys in the box beside her mother's bed. Back again on her chair, to rest, to pause, to wipe the sweat from her brow, and then up again with caution. Soon she

had unlocked the desk and found that which she had sought so eagerly, and, kneeling by the fire, tense with excitement, she unfolded the stiff parchment and read it by the fire-light. She held the will in her shaking hands.

“God!” she muttered, as she read. “Great God!” The big veins swelled with passion on her pale face as she read on. This, then, was her reward after the weary years of anguish; nothing, her name not even mentioned. Fiercely, with a cry like a sob from the heart, she tore the tough paper, throwing the pieces on the fire. It blazed, as the suppressed passion of a lifetime blazed inside her.

Jane and Kate found her, in the chill of the morning, lying cold and stiff before the ashes of the dying fire, with blood trickling down from the corner of her mouth.

“The poor thing; the creature,” they said; “her mother’s going broke her heart.”

Charles Maurras.

NOW that counter-revolution triumphs over so large a part of Europe, and the idea of democracy is being generally reviled, it is interesting to survey the work of that man of genius who (certainly from the literary point of view) has been in modern times the most talented and ingenious philosopher of reaction. A complete success of the propaganda of M. Charles Maurras is far from being achieved, even in France itself ; but M. Maurras and his collaborators of *L'Action Francaise* can at least claim that most of those intellectual and political systems to which they have devoted their opposition are in a state of bankruptcy and chaos. M. Maurras' rôle in the struggle and intrigue of day-to-day politics is a very considerable one, so considerable that one hears it said that should the present French Premier fail, it is *L'Action Francaise* which will nominate his successor, and this will be but a step to the restoration of the French Monarchy. But one can write of M. Maurras without touching on topical politics, and such is the intention of this article. The reference is enough—but it is necessary. Who, outside of France, that has sought to follow the workings of this intricate, subtle, and delicate mind, as revealed in books like *Anthinea* and *Le Chemin de Paradis*, but stands amazed by the knowledge that the man himself is a Party chief, the collaborator of the rowdy Leon Daudet, the initiator of continual "scenes" in the Chamber, a scaremonger and spy-catcher, the source of a propaganda as irresponsible as that of Horace Bottomley or Mr. Pemberton-Billing ?

His books have been numerous ; here are some other of their names : *Les Amants de Venise*, *La Politique Religieuse*, *L'Avenir de L'Intelligence*, *L'Etang de Berre*, *Trois Idees Politiques* (Chateaubriand, Michelet, and Ste. Beuve). M. Albert Thibaudet, an admirable critic, has written a whole volume on his thought : *Les Idees de Charles Maurras*. I have also before me a little book, a collection of tributes to M. Maurras' work and genius, printed at Aix-en-Provence, and contributed to by such diverse hands as Anatole France, Bourget, Maurice Barrès, Daniel Halévy, and Leon Daudet. The little book shows that Maurras has many admirers outside of his own politics and of no politics. Here is the tribute once paid him by Anatole France :—

... You meditated ingenious fable,
Charles Maurras : the indigenous gods, the gods
In exile, and the god brought by Madeleine
Loved you : they gave to you the reed of Silenus,
And the pious organ of the melodious pines
To sustain your voice, which tells of sacred beauty,
Of Harmony, and the choir of laws tracing the precincts
Of cities, of Love and his divine sister
Death, which equals him in gentleness.

" Harmony and the choir of laws tracing the precincts of cities"—Maurras did not find these in modern France, so he gradually turned

from poetry to polemics. He wished to re-establish ancient forms, and he became a federalist. Passion for his native soil gave him eloquence ; he did for Roman and Greek Provence what Maurice Barrès did for Celtic Lorraine. Hear him philosophize in Marseilles, along the banks of the "divine Rhone," on the maritime Camargue, in his own city of Martigues, which has been Greek and Roman, Provencal and French. It is built on rock, and its walls, completed by the royal architect in the 17th century, are washed by the Mediterranean. "No origin is beautiful, veritable beauty is at the term of things." The civic sense with M. Maurras expresses itself lyrically. These are, as M. Halévy says, "hymns to perfection, as realised among men, and maintained and safeguarded by force of love, submission, and devotion." He looks out from the heights of Aristarche on wide spaces "occupied by the contrary voices of the torn immensity." Some of this country has been reclaimed from the sea ; the sea in the time of Constantine reached the ramparts of Arles, St. Louis' Tower marked the mouth of a bay, and now that Tower is in open country. "The land born yesterday teaches us all that can be taught about death, for it confronts us, in secret metamorphosis, with the continuous coming and going of the elements. New-born and already dying. Nothing is fixed, everything is born and everything perishes without end" (*L'Etang de Marthe et les Hauteurs D'Aristarche*). But the pious man will praise the virtue of the principles or elementals which, instead of soliciting all at once the same portion of sun and air, receive the system of an infinite inequality—thus order and beauty are permitted to flourish. "Most of these atoms, fathers of the world, live entombed, in the belly of obscure rocks, without hope that any natural movement will push them outward for a multitude of centuries. Others, happy ones, will be eternally caressed by the fires of night and day. The happiness of these, the misfortune of the others, are conditions necessary to the quality of each . . . the entire world would be less good if it included a lesser number of mysterious hostages led in sacrifice to its perfection."

The human race (he writes) is the principal beneficiary of the divine economy which distributed the high places. However named, the genius which shaped and measured their stature, arranged their precipices and their gradations, shall be praised by men for having fashioned a plinth for their thought. No thought could have been in the whirlpool of a matter which decomposes at sight. Solidity, duration, constancy are necessary. By virtue of that sublime Spirit, instead of wandering in the solitudes, we formed groups ; instead of dreaming of death, all the industries of life solicited us ; abandoning vain caprice, inquietude and its corrupting ferments, our activity accomplished its work, and with the aid of Prometheus, another world, the new world of man, broke and recreated the forms of the ancient.

L'Etang de Marthe et les Hauteurs d'Aristarche is the title of this essay. Martha was a Syrian sorceress who followed Marius in his campaign against the Cimbri and the Teutons, and pronounced her oracles in the marshes of the *etang* which take her name. She symbolises in

Maurras' myth the dissolving Jewish influence. The image of Aristarche, a marble from Ephesus found at Martigues, represents the powers of Hellenism and order; the goddess is placed on the heights above the waters, and in contemplating her our author is led to the idea of pure political reason, and the conceptions of solidity, duration, constancy, which are to be found in great political bodies, the masterpieces of men. So he wrote in the preface to a later book: "An isolated being, with only a brain and heart, exhausts itself with a wretched rapidity, is discouraged, sooner or later despairs of the future. But a race, a nation . . . disposes of an inexhaustible reserve of hearts, bodies, thought. All pessimism in politics is an absolute folly."

Maurras attaches art to politics. A Greek; for him the political is the central activity of man. He hates the vague and the ill-defined. "I wish," he wrote in an early book, "to re-establish the fine notion of the finite. Divinity is a number, every number is terminated. Certain definitions, as our poets sing, and just confines beyond which extends the obscene chaos." He develops his federalism into nationalism, and his nationalism into monarchism. He takes sides with the Church against the Dreyfusards and republicans. He calls himself a Catholic, and yet says that he has difficulty in believing in God. As monarchist, however, he has no difficulty in believing in the Duke of Orleans, before whom he prostrates himself with a flunkey's devotion.

The political, hierarchical sense of life dominates all M. Maurras' literary criticism, and gives it a striking unity. He associates the Romantic movement in letters with Liberalism: with the Reformation and the French Revolution. Romanticism, indeed, determined these movements. Literary reform will, therefore, be a consequence of political reform, which is reaction, a return to tradition. The present position of authorship as a profession is examined in one of the most curious of M. Maurras' essays, *L'Avenir de L'Intelligence*. It is the thesis of this essay that writers, thinkers, the class called the Intelligentia, have built their position in modern society upon foundations of sand. Much better was it for them in the 16th century, when the written word pretended to be no more than the enchantment of slow winters and of leisured old age. An Irish poet during the war had the same thought, "On Being Asked for a War Poem":

He has done enough of meddling who can please
A young girl in the indolence of her youth,
Or an old man upon a winter's night.

This essay was written long before the war; but it is interesting to read in the light of that event. Maurras foresaw the discomfiture of European men of letters, who, led by a H. G. Wells, or a Roman Rolland, sought in 1914, to oppose its own idealism to the purposes of material forces and of "practical" men of action.

Some professional writers make money. But not enough money. These are the great industrialists of literature—what are their profits

compared with those of the oil or sugar kings? The class has no honourable or secure place in our bourgeois democracies, and Socialism has no real remedy to propose. The miner is to become proprietor of his mine; will the author become the owner of his publishing house, his printing firm, his newspaper? But an author has, except in the rarest of exceptions, no talent as a publisher, a printer, a paper merchant. Maurras gives the date 1840; since then the Intelligenzia has either been revolutionary, or has isolated itself in coteries, with the motto, "Art for the sake of Art." At the end of the 18th century, when the old régime abdicated, the Intelligenzia had almost inherited the powers of government. Napoleon used to say, "Rousseau and I." Shall the Intelligenzia again seek to rule, to dominate? No; for all its hopes "sail on the ship of the Counter-Revolution." There alone, as one force among others, but not as the supreme national force, the controller of Opinion (for the counter-revolution will be indifferent to what is called Opinion), will it find its safety. Here again, as always in M. Maurras' thought, independence, liberty, are valuable only as preliminary to the decisive act of choice of one's master. Protestant individualism is the enemy. Yet M. Thibaudet in his book suggests that there may have been a sort of "stellar friendship" between Maurras and the Protestant philosopher, Renouvier. Renouvier thought of converting France to Protestantism, as Maurras has thought—with an almost equal daring—of forcing France back to royalism. With Renouvier "choice is the act with which one affirms liberty." With Maurras "choice is the act by which one emerges from liberty." Nor is this a mere dispute over words; it is a question of deciding who within us possesses the primate of quality or worth, the individual man, or man the political animal.*

To understand contemporary French nationalism as a philosophical force, or intellectual system, it is necessary to read Maurras. He has had an extraordinary influence—extending far beyond purely monarchist circles. Perhaps he had his greatest triumph when Georges Sorel, the theorist of Syndicalism, author of the *Illusions of Progress*, exchanged the "myth" of the General Strike for the "myth" of personal Kingship. Sorel was the friend of Mussolini, and events in Italy have taken colour from Maurras' thought. But Maurras' system as a whole does not fit, and was not meant to fit, any other country than France. His nationalism is a narrow one; it does not admit the existence of other nationalisms. History for him has been confined to Greece, Rome, France. He thinks of the rest of the world as we other Europeans think of China, or even of the nigger republics; what may happen among the outer barbarians can be of no spiritual importance, and is of material importance only in so far as French interests are affected.

J. M. H.

* See Albert Thibaudet, *Les Idées de Charles Maurras*.

Laoithe Cumainn.

I.

Baoghal dí, lá an Bhereitheamhnais,
díoghal Dé a los ar marbhtha ;
do choir chionntaigh neimhchionntaigh
táinig disi goid mh'anma.

Bás duine do luathaghadh
(cé tá duine dan sochar !)
's a comharsa d'fhuathaghadh,—
do rinne sí dhá dhochar.

Nár ghrádhaigh a comharsain,
mar do fhágaibh Dia i dtalmhain,
ní ar son mo dhochair-se,—
measa liom é dhá hanmain.

Anois am an aithreachais ;
meince ar gcuarta dá féachain,
iomarcaidh an aitheantaí
tarcaisne orm do mhéadaigh.

Ise lán dom neamhpáirt-se,
mé dá toil gan taom gcéille,—
an leigheas 's an easláinte
atá i n-aghaidh a chéile.

Atá sise, ad-chualamair,
re tochmhairc ar tí a ceangail ;
fa ríor nach eadh fuaramair
sgéal do sgéalaibh an earraigh.

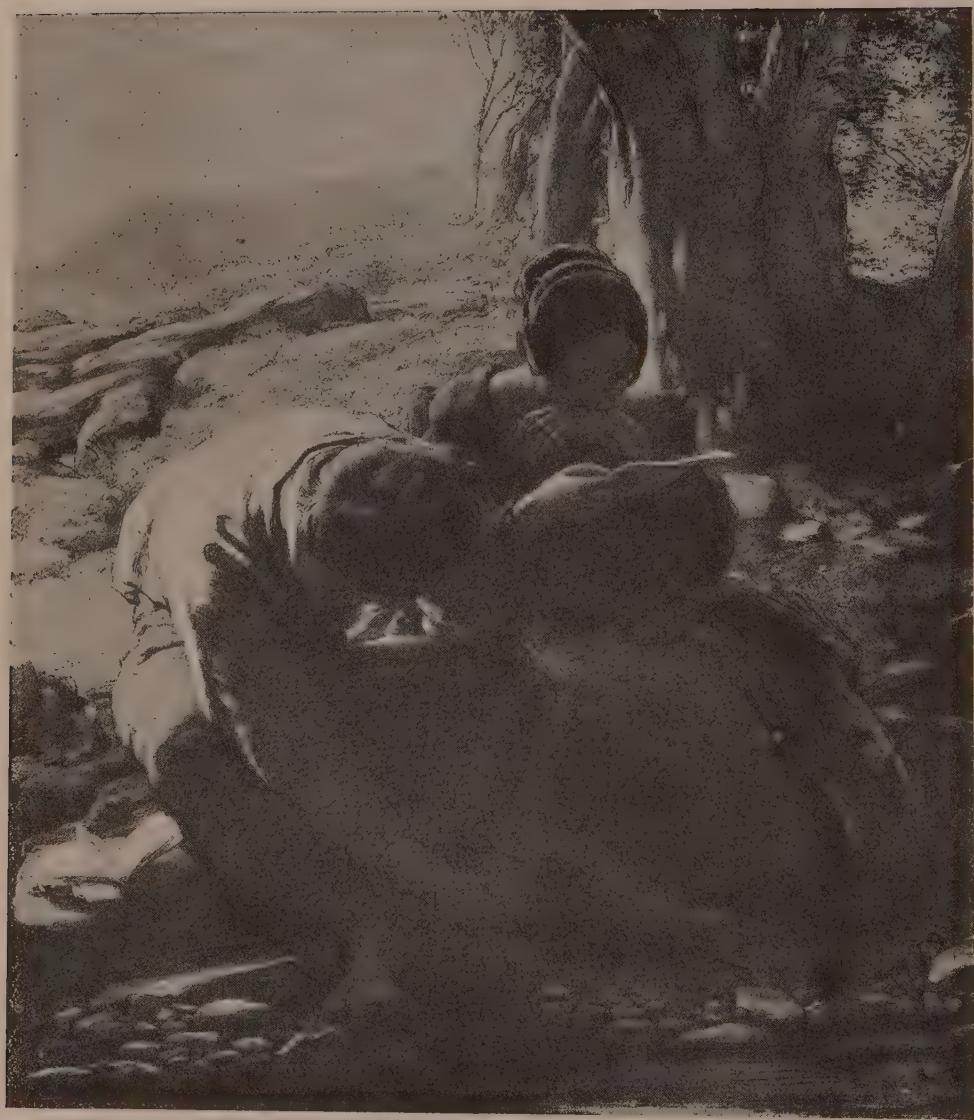
A fhír luighfeas aicisi,
mo chros a haithle ar marbhtha,
ar litir dot aibidil
do-bhéarainn maitheas Banbha !

[Source : 23 D 4, p. 383. A poet's pleading with his disdainful lady-love.

The allusion in *sgéal do sgéalaibh an earraigh* (l. 24) is obscure to me. Presumably *litir dot aibidil*, three lines further on, means the lady herself, but how is not clear in our ignorance of the lady's name and of that of her intended husband.

MS. readings : l. 2, dioguil ; l. 6, ma ta, which I have ventured to emend to *cé tá* ; l. 14, *ar ccarta da fheachuín* ; l. 22, *tochmharc.*]

T. F. O'RAHILLY.



THE SONNET.

By

William Mulready, R.A.

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William Mulready, R.A.

By THOMAS BODKIN.

THE biography of William Mulready, written by F. G. Stephens, the Pre-Raphaelite, begins with the statement that "he was thoroughly English," and proceeds to inform us that he was born in 1786 at Ennis, in the County Clare, where his father carried on the trade of a leather-breeches-maker. The father had some feeling for art, and used to make rough drawings of hunting scenes, which the son delighted to copy. Soon after Mulready's birth his family removed to Dublin, and thence, when he was five years old, to London. He had begun to draw when he was about three, and used to cover the floor with sketches in chalk of flowers and fruit. His first art training came from a Wesleyan clergyman named Knight, who kept a school near Leicester Square, to which Mulready was sent, and who, discovering the boy's talent, set him to copy engravings. A professional painter of the day, a man of little note, called Graham, saw him in the street, when he was nine or ten, drawing on a blank wall for the amusement and instruction of other small urchins. Struck with his handsome little face and figure, he persuaded his parents to allow the boy to sit for a picture of "Solomon receiving David's blessing," which he was commissioned to paint for Macklin's edition of the Bible. Thus came about Mulready's first introduction to the art of painting in oils. Graham was also impressed with his talent, and strongly advised his parents to make him an artist. But the advice, though heeded, was not immediately followed. Mulready attended several different schools during the next few years, and, though his artistic proclivities were not particularly encouraged in any of them, he managed to acquire quite a sound knowledge of Latin and a smattering of French.

The worthy breeches-maker continued to favour his son's ambitions, and to encourage his efforts by making leather frames for his best drawings. One of these drawings, a study of a harlequin, was set to try its fortune in a shop window where it attracted the attention of a young Irish art student, named Neill, who suggested to the boy's parents that he should be sent to the Drawing School of the Royal Academy.

A friend of the family, a bootmaker, put them in touch with Thomas Banks, the sculptor, then at the height of his fame, who, to his great honour and credit, took young Mulready into his studio and gave him free, careful, and competent instruction in the elements of drawing. His first effort to obtain admission into the Academy Schools failed to please Wilton, the Keeper; but in 1800 he succeeded, in becoming a probationer, by means of a drawing of the Townley Hercules, and he was soon afterwards admitted a student.

A fascinating account of Mulready's boyhood is to be found in a little book, which was once very common and popular, but is now excessively rare. Only three copies are known to exist: one of these is in the British Museum. It formed part of a series called the Juvenile Library, was published in 1805 at a shilling, and was pompously entitled "The Looking Glass: A True History of the Early Years of an ARTIST; Calculated to awaken the Emulation of YOUNG PERSONS of both Sexes in the Pursuit of every laudable Attainment, particularly in the Cultivation of the Fine Arts, by Theophilus Marcliffe." "Marcliffe" was the pseudonym of William Godwin, to whom Mulready, when eighteen or nineteen, related the story of his earliest efforts. The queer little wood-cuts with which the booklet is adorned are believed, on good authority, to have been done from drawings by Mulready himself in the semblance of his youthful productions.

Two years after his admission to the Academy Schools Mulready, then fifteen, was awarded the silver palette of the Society of Arts, and "The Looking Glass" terminates with the information that the young artist, on winning a prize at the age of fifteen, received an offer of employment, and resolved to be no longer a burden to his parents, notwithstanding their desire to support him for seven years more. He did, in point of fact, become self-supporting while even yet a student. He had no foolish pride, and accepted any remunerative work that came to his hand. He taught drawing. He did some scene painting. He assisted Sir Robert Kerr Porter in the painting of the once famous panorama of the siege of Seringapatam. But his principal resource about this time was the illustration of children's books. These were issued in their thousands and circulated over the globe wherever English was read; and are now, for the most part, unobtainable. Great libraries did not condescend to preserve them, and the rough usage of a few generations of children rendered them almost extinct. The British Museum itself contains only a few specimens, though the titles of many survive. Among the best known were: "The King and Queen of Hearts," "The Sullen Women and the Pedlar," "Think before you Speak, or The Three Wishes," "Nong Tong Paw," "Gaffer Grey," and "The Butterflies' Ball and the Grasshoppers' Feast." Mulready in these little books showed himself a clever draughtsman of the most gay and original fancy. The bibliophiles, who on Saturday afternoons haunt the book-barrows on the Dublin quays, could make few more pleasant or profitable discoveries than one of these delightful varieties. But it is necessary to be able to distinguish between the originals and some facsimile reprints which were issued in 1883.

Mulready ceased the work of book illustration in the year 1809; but in 1843 he was induced to return to it, and produced the drawings which make Van Voorst's edition of the "Vicar of Wakefield" one of the most sought-for volumes among the English illustrated books of the last century. He subsequently did drawings for Moore's Melodies and for some of

the illustrations for Moxon's 1856 Edition of Tennyson's Poems. None of these increased his reputation.

In 1840 he was commissioned to design a pictorial envelope to be used in Rowland Hill's great scheme for popularising the post. Every stamp collector knows the Mulready envelope. It cost, when new, a penny; and it now, often, costs a pound. Mulready's design of Britannia sending winged messengers about the world was charming and appropriate, but the envelope proved inconvenient in use, and was soon withdrawn.

While still a boy, and much employed in teaching, he became acquainted with the famous water-colour painter, John Varley, and went to reside with him, to act as a sort of monitor to Varley's pupils. There he met his future wife, the elder of John Varley's two sisters, a lovely girl a year older than himself, with whom he contracted a reckless and improvident marriage in 1803, when he was only eighteen. He was father of a son before he was nineteen, and his wife bore him three other sons in rapid succession. The country was then plunged in the distresses of the Napoleonic wars, and Mulready could not support his young family in any comfort. "I remember," he said, "the time when I had a wife, four children, nothing to do, and was six hundred pounds in debt." The marriage ended unhappily in a separation of nearly fifty years. We cannot now apportion the blame for this tragedy between the parties, but it should be remembered that Mulready's sons, two of whom became artists in their turn, always showed him respect and affection, and that John Linnell has testified that he was one of the best of fathers.

Mulready first exhibited in the Royal Academy exhibition of 1801, showing there three small landscapes of views in Yorkshire. It is said that, like so many artists of his time, he commenced his career with an affection for dramatic subjects on a large scale, and that his first important pictures were "Ulysses and Polyphemus," "The Disobedient Prophet," and "The Judgment of Solomon." The Academy was supposed to have rejected the latter work. Certain it is that he quickly abandoned such aims and confined himself until the very end of his career to works on a small scale. In his last work, "The Toy-seller," which he left unfinished, and which is now in the cellars of our National Gallery, the figures are almost life size. But it has no signs of a merit commensurate with that of the works of his middle and best period.

Sir Augustus Wall Callcott procured for Mulready his first commission, which was for some landscapes, and condemned the work when it was presented for acceptance. These landscapes, two views of the Kensington Mall and Gravel-pits, were, unquestionably quite unlike anything Sir Augustus himself produced, though he was by no means a negligible artist. They may be seen to-day in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and show intelligent anticipation of the Pre-Raphaelite method, being small in scale, minutely finished, very high in key, and bright in colour.

Mulready painted landscapes, principally, during the next few years. It was probably the success of his fellow-student, Wilkie, with "The Village Politicians," in the Academy exhibition of 1806, that turned his attention to the class of subject that was to make him famous. "The Rattle," "The Carpenter's Shop," "Returning from the Ale-House," and "The Music Lesson," were all pictures exhibited by him during the next few years, and, in subject and treatment, were all directly suggested by Wilkie and the Dutch. They were not quite successful; for at that time Mulready had not mastered his technique, and his system of brilliant colouring had not yet blossomed into maturity. A picture called "Punch," which was exhibited in the Academy in 1813, marked the beginning of his era of popularity. In 1815 he was elected an Associate of the Academy, and within the three months following was promoted to be a full Academician. He was now on the high tide of his powers and popularity, and continued so for close on forty years.

All his subsequent works of importance are little "story-pictures," painted with masterly precision, showing close observation, and, generally, pleasant humour. Among the best are: "The Fight Interrupted," two boys disturbed by their schoolmaster while battling in the play-ground; "Choosing the Wedding Gown," the Vicar of Wakefield watching his betrothed choosing the material "as he had chosen her, not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well"; "Lending a Bite," one country youngster compelling another to share an apple; "The Butt," a laundress's boy shooting a cherry into a butcher's boy's mouth; "Burtchall and Sofia Haymaking," also illustrating a scene from the "Vicar of Wakefield," and "The Convalescent from Waterloo," a wounded soldier sitting with his wife on a log by the seashore, a wonderfully painted coast line and buildings behind him, and his children playing at his feet.

Two paintings of the nude, "The Bathers" and "Women Bathing," both done towards the end of his prime, and the only subjects of the sort he ever undertook, have come to Dublin through the efforts of Lane, one to the National collection and the other to the Municipal Gallery. They are, though exquisite in draughtsmanship, raw and inharmonious in colouring, as were many of his later works.

In one picture, at least, Mulready produced a masterpiece which can hardly be overpraised for true poetic emotion and masterly technical accomplishment. Alone it would be sufficient to justify us in ranking him high among the best artists of his age. It is called "The Sonnet," and is painted on a panel only slightly over a square foot in size. A young woman sits on some rough stones at the edge of a brook, close to a grove of beech trees, and reads a poem which her lover, who sits beside her, has written. His face, hidden from the spectator, is turned to his lady intent to gauge her feelings. The time is early evening, and the scene is lit with diffused and mellow light. We know that Mulready, contrary to his wont, painted this picture, with little premeditation, after a single



THE CONVALESCENT FROM WATERLOO.

By
William Mulready, R.A.

(Reproduced by permission from the original picture in the Victoria and Albert Museum.)

preliminary sketch. Considered as painting merely, it is the most swift and sure of all his works. The colour is produced directly, by single glazes, from the white ground, and is so thinly laid that the pencil lines of the drawing show through the paint in parts.

Mulready's powers at their prime were always adequate to his aims. He had experimented with various techniques up to somewhere about the year 1830, and from thenceforth was master of his materials. He was not a rapid worker, and, as a rule, only produced one or two small pictures a year. But they were painted with the greatest care and learning, and have stood the test of time without the slightest deterioration. He was most minute in his execution, and constantly used a powerful glass to test the detail in his work. His palette was of the smallest dimensions, and often contained only the couple of tints applicable to the portion of the picture on which he was, for the moment, working.

In his early pieces he shows a broad, flat manner of handling: in his later things he inclined more to stripling, though he never can be said to have niggled.

No trouble was too great for him to take. Every detail in his pictures was the subject of careful preliminary studies. In his "Mother and Child" there are a pair of doves, hardly an inch long and quite subordinate. He did life-size drawings for these. He cultivated observation and dexterity by drawing from the model in the life-school till the end of his days. When before the select committee, appointed in 1863 to inquire into the working of the Royal Academy, he declared: "I have drawn all my life as if I were drawing for a prize." Samuel Palmer tells that once when a brother Academician, examining some studies by young men of great promise, exclaimed, "Why can't we begin again?" Mulready replied with sharp emphasis "I do begin again." Ruskin admired him to the extent of saying that Albert Durer was the only artist who might be suggested as his rival in certain departments; and proceeded to state that "though greater far in imagination and equal in draughtsmanship, Albert Durer was less true and less delicate in hue." The same impetuous, and at times preposterous, critic announced that the spaniel in "Choosing the Wedding Gown" assuredly showed "the most perfect unity of drawing and colour which the entire range of ancient and modern art can exhibit." Towards the close of Mulready's life his forms lost some of their grace and his colouring became harsh and fiery, owing, it is suggested, to a yellowing of the lenses of the eyes that age sometimes causes.

His work at its best shows that he had many affinities to the Pre-Raphaelites; and he may be called their chief precursor. It is a vulgar error to assume that the Pre-Raphaelite movement, or any other important art movement had no immediate ancestry. The progress of art is always an evolutionary growth. What we now call Pre-Raphaelite work is associated in our minds with two principal characteristics, a detailed method of technique and a romantic conception of subject. The works of John

Brett and of Burne Jones are examples of excess in opposite directions of Pre-Raphaelitism. Mulready's "Sonnet," which long preceded the Pre-Raphaelite movement, will conform with any possible description of the Pre-Raphaelite manner. It was significant that when the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood shocked established painters with their first productions in 1850, Mulready was almost alone in offering them praise and encouragement. The Brethren must, consciously or unconsciously, have been influenced by him. Anyhow, they reciprocated his appreciation. Woolner, the sculptor, possessed at one time half a dozen of his pictures. Another of the Brethren, F. G. Stephens, has written his life.

His pictures, though he lived to be an old man and worked as a professional artist for over sixty years, are not numerous. Thirty-three of them, and those including, with few of exceptions, the best, are in the Victoria and Albert Museum, part of the munificent gift of John Sheepshanks, his staunch patron. Eight, only two of which are important, are in the Tate Gallery. Six, all unusual, are in Dublin.

As a man Mulready was, by all accounts, dignified and lovable. Innumerable tales are told of his courtesy, kindness, and unobtrusive charities. The memoirs of artistic circles of the early nineteenth century, Lady Eastlake's, W. P. Frith's, J. C. Hosley's, and the like, teem with anecdotes of his pleasant ways and references to his handsome appearance. Photographs of him taken late in life show a strong, benign and very Irish countenance. His likeness in 1814 appears in his friend Wilkie's picture of "Duncan Gray." A brilliant and hitherto unrecorded little portrait, which I discovered last year in a London dealer's shop, has recently been added to our National collection. It represents him in ripe old age, and is by his life-long friend, John Linnell. It has not yet been seen by the public, owing to the long closure of the National Gallery.

As a young man Mulready's temperament was robust and his physique sturdy. He dearly loved a fight, either as principal or spectator, and often tried a bout with Mendosa, the famous Jewish pugilist. Though in no sense a rowdy, he thoroughly enjoyed in those rough times, a hundred years ago, a brush with a bargee or a footpad. On one occasion, when walking at night the then lonely road from Tyburn Gate to Notting Hill he thrashed a man who threatened to rob or shoot him, took him home to his house in Bayswater, and called up his father, the quondam breeches-maker, to help him to decide what was to be done. They agreed that want alone had induced the criminal effort, and sent the would-be robber off after a good meal, with a sum of money to set him again upon the straight and narrow way.

No Academician ever served the Academy with greater constancy or ability. He taught in the schools to the end of his life, and his colleagues regarded him, in the words of Sir Charles Eastlake, as "the best and most judicious teacher the Academy has ever had." In a sense he teaches there still; for a number of his best drawings were bought at his death

by the Academicians for the use of the pupils. The night before he died, though he was seventy-seven, and had been often warned of his dangerous state of health, he attended and took part in a committee meeting at the Academy. Early next morning, the 7th of July, 1863, he was dead. His wife died soon after.

Apart from the collection of his work in the South Kensington Museum the examples in the Tate Gallery and in Dublin, Mulready's pictures are seldom to be seen. No general exhibition of them has been held since one which took place in the Great Room of the Society of Arts in 1848, where two hundred and fourteen were shown. Another would be easy to organise, for, I believe, they are all to be found in Great Britain and Ireland, though some of them were sent to the Continent to the Paris exhibition in 1855, where they earned for their author the Cross of the Legion of Honour. If all were brought together again they would revive a great reputation which time and circumstances are rapidly and unjustly obscuring.



Adventures of the Gubbaun Saor and his Son.

Re-told by ELLA YOUNG.

FOR E W O R D .

These tales of the Gubbaun Saor and his Son I heard from story-tellers in Clare, Achill Island, Aranmore, and the Curraun. Anthony Patton told me in Achill the story of the Shortening of the Road, and Patrick Gallagher, of the Curraun, who has by heart so many of the fine traditional sagas and poems told me of Aunya's Bargain with her Father, and the stratagem to learn the Gubbaun's Secret, the Building of the Dun, and again, the Shortening of the Road. The tale of how the Gubbaun got his Craft is from Clare.

I have not altered any incident, but I have amplified the tales, and perhaps spoiled them for some people.

In Dr. Douglas Hyde's *Seáctmáiné* will be found a story of the Sobán, taken down as the story-teller told it. Seosamh Óaois has such another story in his *Láb na Caillíse*. To the former I owe Aunya's saying as to the fire, and to the latter her saying with regard to her father's handiwork.

To PROINNSIAS Ó Súilleabán, of Freibourg University, I am indebted for the incident of the Split Tree.

HOW THE DJINN OUT OF BALOR'S COUNTRY BROUGHT A MESSAGE TO AUNYA.



LOAKED in gold and vermillion, the sun was stepping into the western sea. The fragrant, amber-coloured *air* had stillness that was more than music. Aunya stood by the door of the Gubbaun's house. There was stillness and beauty in her face. She watched the sunset. Close to the threshold-stone a furry caterpillar clambered, picking his steps with solemnity and precision. He was a hairy-oubit to delight the heart; his skin like powdered velvet, his hair-tufts carmined and dusted with silver. His head, like an ebon mirror, gave back the sun-light. Suddenly a murk of blackness caught the sky, a myriad-plumed gigantic world-engulphing blackness; a rushing, roaring, multitudinous tumult that whirled and spun upon itself; a pre-Cimmerian Cyclopiian Centaurian blackness that neared in leaps and bounds and contortions and cataclysms.

Quick as thought Aunya put a shape of magic power on herself. She made herself a spear-point of light against that blackness. The blackness split on it and passed on either side of the house."

"Messenger of Balor," said Aunya, "you have overshot the goal!"

The djinn was angered. He turned: he made himself a raging fire, a tongue of flame against Aunya. He writhed and licked devouringly.

Aunya raised herself in a thunderous-sounding, green, over-toppling wave of the sea.

Hiss-s-s-rt!!! The fire was quenched.

The djinn shook himself clear. He rose up, an icy scimitar-edged relentless-smiting wind of the desert. He smote the smoking sea-wave, he ripped it to shreds of foam: he flung himself flat-edged upon it: he leaned his weight in the thrust of an avalanche: his strokes were hammer-blows, his strokes were lightning-flashes. He howled outrageously, he tied himself into knots. Aunya made herself a drop of water and slid into the earth. The djinn collected himself and drew breath a moment—the wave had gone, no wetness of it glittered!

"Victory," shouted the djinn. "A great and utter destruction! I have been too strong."

Laughter set his ears on edge. Aunya had taken her own shape again and was standing just out of hand-grip.

The djinn made himself an enormous, death-dealing, sickle-clawed, sabre-toothed, tigerish atrocity, and sprang for her! As he leaped, Aunya became a hawk crested with red gold and feathered with white silver. She hung motionless out of reach. She fluttered about his head, moth-like: moth-like she slid between his frantic paws: her talons gripped his shoulder: she buffeted him: she tweaked his tail: she pinched his ears: she tickled his nose: she was on both sides of him: she was above him, and below him, and beyond him, all at once. She was everywhere and nowhere.

At last the great beast rolled exhausted, with the foam of fruitless endeavour clogging and bitter in his mouth.

"Victory leans towards me," said Aunya.

"Nay," said the djinn, "we are too evenly matched to contend thus. We waste time. Let us show each to the other in rivalry what power we are masters of. My power will out-bid yours."

"So be it," said Aunya; "Wit is nimble-footed!"

"Cunning is more deep-rooted," said the djinn.

"More to a thick skull suited," said Aunya.

"Strength gives to wit the lie," said the djinn.

"Only while strength is by," said Aunya.

"Strength's claws are sharp and crooked," said the djinn.

"But wit has wings to fly," said Aunya.

"Let's leave this rhyming," said the djinn. "It is fit only for women. Show me a wonder-feat."

"I think," said Aunya, "that tree-splitting would delight you."

"It would," said the djinn.

Close to them was a giant yew-tree. It was older than the oldest ancestor of the eagle: old as the roots of the earth. A tough-knit, mighty-girthed, many-twisted trunk that tree had. Aunya struck it lightly with her hand. The yew-tree split from top to bottom: the redness at its heart was like the redness in a cleft pomegranate.

"Make the tree whole, O djinn," said Aunya.

"I am a Force of Destruction and Ravage," said the djinn; "make it whole yourself"!

Aunya put her hand on the wound—the tree was whole as before.

"Split the tree," said Aunya.

The djinn bent himself to the work. He made himself a flash of lightning—and slid through the leaves of the tree! He made himself a devastating whirlwind—and drew a singing note from the tree! He made himself a toothed weapon—he blunted, he shivered himself—and there was not a scratch on the tree!

"Does it out-task you, Son of Destruction?" asked Aunya.

"I could split a small branch," said the djinn, "if I tried!"

"You have not enough strength," said Aunya, "to hold two branches apart if you perched in a fork of the tree to get your breath again!"

The djinn made a leap for the tree and sat himself in a fork of it.

"Close! branches," said Aunya.

They closed, and nipped the djinn: tighter and tighter they nipped him.

"My grief and my destruction," cried the djinn: "I am lost. Take victory, Aunya, and let me out."

"I will give you room to sit at your ease," said Aunya, "but no more. Sit there till the Gubbaun Saor and his Son come home. When their feet cross the house-threshold I will give you freedom: and more than that, the length of your ears in two gold earrings for luck."

"A swift home-coming to the Gubbaun Saor and his Son!" said the djinn:

*"May the earth hasten their footsteps,
May water smooth the paths for them,
May the wind hustle them forward."*

"My own wish," said Aunya: "Sit there: you will see the sunrise: you will see the young crescent moon: you will see the greenness of grass."

She left him.

"I'll put ears on me a mile long," said the djinn to himself as he braced his shoulders in the fork of the bough, and took deliberately and with care the position of greatest ease.

THE EMBASSY OF BALOR'S SON.



ALOR'S country awaited the return of the djinn. The hours and days went by. A fury of expectancy wasted Balor. The Gubbaun Saor was calm.

“ ‘Twould be well for myself and my son to lose no more time,” said he ; “ it would be well for us to set out now, for the bringing back of the tool.”

“ My dignity would be lessened,” said Balor, “ if the compulsion of that errand were on you. I will send an embassy : like a conquering

potentate, like a royal personage, that Tool shall enter my dominions ! ”

“ To your son alone,” said the Gubbaun Saor, “ will I give the tokens of my wonder-tool : with him shall go the chief Vizier of your kingdom.”

“ So be it,” said Balor ; “ I will send my son : Powers and Principalities shall accompany him.”

The Gubbaun Saor gave the master-word to Balor's son.

“ The name of the tool is :

Cam i n-aṣaird an ēaim, cor i n-aṣaird an ēuir, aṣus cor i n-aṣaird
Sangairde.”

Balor's son said it over, nine times, to himself. He was satisfied then that he had it. He called for his robes of embassy, he marshalled the Powers and Principalities : he arranged their ranks for the White Unicorns and the Kyelins with tufted ears : he saw that the Green Dragons and the Scarlet and Purple Chimaeras were linked with chains of silver. Boastful were his words to the Fomorian Lords : “ Candles of Valour,” he said, “ do not grudge your transcendency to a country ignorant of Balor. Ye shall cast lustre upon it.”

With an earth-shaking sound of trumpets that ranked magnificence set forth.

Day rounded day till its return. Its return was an amazement. A sound of ullagoning went before it.

“ *Wye-hoo ! Wye-hoo ! Wye-hoo !*
Bal-a-loo ! Bal-a-loo !
Ai ! Ai ! Ai !
Ul-a-loo ! Ul-a-loo !
Ul-a-loo !
Kye-u-belick ! ”

Way-side folk, hearing that lamentation, hastened to prostrate themselves and to cover their faces lest they might see how great lords of the Fomor beat their breasts and tore their hair, casting dust on their foreheads. Like a slow wounded snake the procession dragged itself onward.

“ *Wye-hoo ! Wye-hoo ! Wye-hoo !*
Bal-a-loo ! Bal-a-loo ! ”

That lamentation filled the courts of Balor. Laggard footsteps followed it. Balor's hand groped spearwards. He could not see the grief-dishevelled lords or the anguished abandonment of their prostrations. He dared not open that solitary terrible eye!

" Speak ! " he thundered.

The Most Distinguished Personage in that distinguished train raised a dust-grimed head.

" O Balor, O Lord of Life," he began, " have pity on us ! Misfortune has overwhelmed us : grief eats and gnaws upon us. Your Son, the Light of our Countenances, is in captivity : and the great Vizier likewise. Say the word, O Magnificence, that will rescue them from strait and bitter bondage, and from the terrible country of Ireland—a country where the mind is bewildered : a country where the eyes find no rest : for the earth is a glittering emerald and the sky a blinding sapphire, the sun is a scorching fire and the moon a blistering whiteness. A country where there is no solace for the heart ! "

" Cease your lamentations," said Balor, " and tell what has befallen."

" We came," O Dispenser of Fate, " to the house of the Gubbaun. The woman of the house received us. The most illustrious and splendid Prince, your Son, recited to her the tokens of the Tool :

'Cam i n-agaird an caim,
Cor i n-agaird an cuir,
 ^{Agus}
Cor i n-agaird an gaoithe.'"

" True is the token," said the woman of the house ; " I will unbar the treasury for you and the seven locks of the treasure-chest. Enter, Son of Balor ; enter, Vizier of Balor."

They entered, but they came not forth. The woman came forth. " Go hence," she said, " and tell your king that in the treasure-chest of the Gubbaun his son is shut—a grip that will not loosen ! With him is the Vizier, fastened down with seven locks. There they will measure time by the heart-beat and the shadow and fraction of a heart-beat till the Gubbaun Saor and his Son cross the threshold-stone of this house : whole and sound as they set out from it."

O Balor, O Mountain of Munificence, say the word. Let the Gubbaun Saor and his Son go for their Tool ! "

The Most Distinguished Personage prostrated himself afresh.

" Wye-hoo ! Wye-hoo ! Wye-hoo !" sobbed the Unicorns and Chimaeras.

" Balor," said the Gubbaun, " the lid of my treasure-chest is heavy, the sides of it are straight and narrow. Let me and my son go for the tool."

Balor made a frantic gesture with his hands. " Go ! " he cried.

Lords of the Fomor ushered forth the Gubbaun and his Son. Carefully they ushered them, like folk who guard a treasure, yet with an urgency of speed. Soon they stood on the terraced height of Balor's fortress. A sky pale as an ice-field was above their heads : a thousand fathoms below, a river pooled itself blackly. About them towered a wilderness of mountain-peaks ; peaks, one-footed, craning upward, blind and insatiable ; peaks like contorted monsters, inscrutable ; peaks like a gigantic menace, dizzied to the fantasy of a nightmare—arid and hostile.

“ Bring steeds for us ! ” said the Gubbaun.

Hrut, the son of Sruth, the son of Sru, the son of Nar, stepped forward. He flung his voice into the air in a shrill ringing cry—like colour spilt on ice it shivered on those monstrous pinnacles. The sky blackened. The air swirled and eddied to an impact.

Biting, clawing, tangled together, THEY descended.

“ Bridle them ! ” said the Gubbaun.

Lords of the Fomor put bridles on them.

“ Health and Prosperity be with you ! ” said the Gubbaun, his hand on a bridled neck.

“ Health and Prosperity ! ” said the Son.

THEY rose, shaking storm from their wings, cavorting and hurtling, plunging and rearing through the steeps of air.

“ Snails ! ” cried the Gubbaun, “ have ye no swiftness ? ”

It was thus that the Gubbaun Soar and his Son returned to Ireland.

The Unhaunted House.

By LENNOX ROBINSON.

I ALWAYS gave her credit for being psychic, for, according to her own account—and Minnie Kennedy wasn't a liar—she had lived with ghosts since childhood. She had been born in an old country house in County Wexford that had once been a monastery, suppressed, so report said, for the wickedness of its inmates and therefore it was not surprising that ecclesiastical ghosts of malicious temperament walked there, and besides them there were poltergeists who banged and rattled, and there was a ghostly carriage on the avenue. As a small child Minnie had known all these things, and then she married Charlie Kennedy, and of all houses in Dublin, they pitched on that one in Donnybrook, just round the corner near the river, on the staircase of which there undoubtedly lingers an unpleasant lady with wet hair whom every tenant has met and trembled at. The lady got on Minnie's nerves eventually, and they moved to Dalkey, and from there to Clonsilla, but always managed somehow to take a haunted house, until, finally, Minnie shrugged her shoulders and said that she supposed every house was haunted more or less, and as the house in Clonsilla was low-rented and convenient and its ghost only an amiable little child, she allowed Charlie to remain there for several years happily enough.

The marriage had been a great success ; it only needed the advent of a child to make it perfect, and at last—after seven years—a child came. But its coming and the consequences were of a kind to make intimate friends like myself thank God that we had remained bachelors. There was a premature, protracted confinement, and a child that, mercifully for itself and for the parents, lived only a few days. Minnie hung between life and death for weeks, and finally recovered, but she could never again bear a child. This shook them both ; Minnie grew hypersensitive ; she kept seeing the ghost, and just because it was a small child it seemed to her particularly unbearable, and so I didn't blame them for deciding to leave Clonsilla. But I found it difficult to believe Minnie when she told me that they were going to live in a house—in Balmoral Road—in which no trace of a ghost could be found.

" It's true," she assured me ; " there's not a vestige of anything there. Of course, it's been empty for a couple of years, and so it feels—empty, but that doesn't matter ; if there was anything there I'd know at once, and I've been through the place from the basement to the attics."

I congratulated them and promised I'd go and see the house as soon as possible, but, as it happened, I left Ireland a few days afterwards, and

they had been in the house for three months before I visited them. I found them in some confusion. The drawing-room was entirely upset.

"Come to the study," Charlie said; "Minnie's turned the drawing-room upside down. She had it all Chinese—and it cost the hell of a lot of money—but she hated it and so did I; now it's going to be just homely, no period and no art at all."

"This is a nice room," I said, looking round and whistling to the cage of very lively canaries, "or will be when you've lived in it a bit."

"We've lived in it to some extent ever since we've come. We breakfast here. It's a damned cold room."

He poked the fire violently.

I thought at first he was right, and yet—no, he wasn't. The room wasn't cold; the fire was blazing. Physically I was warm, almost too warm, yet about the room hung a curious empty chill. It might have been unoccupied for twenty years; all association seemed to have been squeezed out of it; it had as little character as a blank sheet of notepaper. You know the blankness an empty room has just for the second after you enter it—no sooner are you there than it is peopled—well, if you can imagine continuing to be in a room that is blank you will understand the sensation that room gave me. Yet Charlie, very big and vital, was sitting opposite to me.

We were silent for a moment.

"Well," he said, "have you nothing to tell me?"

"I don't think I have," I admitted.

"Hang it, I haven't seen you for three months. You've been in Spain. What's it like?"

"Oh, it's very nice," I said absurdly. For the life of me I could think of nothing to tell him about my travels. I remembered the names of the places I had been at, but they seemed to be without association. There were certainly a thousand things to tell him, but what the devil were they?

"I'm dull to-day," I said. "Tell me about yourself instead. What are you writing?"

"Nothing."

Tea and Minnie came in then. We talked in an uninteresting, uninterested way. Minnie relapsed into a long bored silence. Finally Charlie got up.

"I'm going to dig in the garden. You'll stay to supper, of course?"

Minnie seized my arm.

"Let's go out and talk."

It was March, cold and raining a little, and we walked slowly up and down Balmoral Road.

"And the house?" I asked.

She said nothing.

"I expect you were mistaken; I expect it *is* haunted. What is the ghost like?"

"Do you think it's haunted? Did you see or feel anything?" she asked eagerly.

"Not a thing," I assured her. "It seemed to me the most entirely empty house I've ever been in."

"Empty. Yes, that's it, empty."

"No ghosts at all?" I asked chaffingly.

"No ghosts at all," she echoed with intense melancholy. "Nothing."

And then suddenly she began to cry quite unrestrainedly, standing in the middle of the pavement of respectable Balmoral Road.

"My dear old girl." I put my arm round her.

"I can't bear it, Hughie, I can't. There's nothing there, nothing at all."

I soothed her and brought her back to Number 19. Once inside she grew listless and dull and quite calm. We had a dreary supper, and I left as soon as I could.

Two days later Charlie came to see me.

"No, I'm not writing a line," he told me. "I simply can't; I haven't an idea. You know I never really believed in ghosts, but I'm hanged if Balmoral Road hasn't made me more credulous than a servant girl. It's so absolutely *unhaunted* that I'm now convinced that every other house I've been in *is*."

"Well, who wants to be haunted?" I asked.

He explained what "*unhaunted*," pushed as far as it could go, meant. It meant a total absence of association; it meant that something vital was lacking; it meant that something had died out of everything in the house. There was nothing there that could not be seen with the eye and touched with the hand. It bore the same relation to an ordinary house that a photograph does to a picture. There were beautiful things in the house, but they had become merely articles of various sizes and colours; there were other things not beautiful, but treasured because of their association with some person or scene, and they now meant nothing at all. Music meant nothing; it was just sound more or less rhythmic. In that house you experienced nothing good or bad, you felt nothing, could imagine nothing.

"We had the two Stephenson women out there," he said; "you know of them; they are warranted to spot a ghost ten miles away and can levitate the furniture to the ceiling. Well, they 'sat' and held hands and did every blessed thing they could, but not a tremor, not the flicker of a move from the flimsiest table, nothing at all. Such a thing had never happened to them before, and they were furious, and went away in high indignation, and accused Minnie of being an 'antipathetic psychic' (did you ever hear such a phrase!), and to apply it to poor ghost-ridden Minnie! There's no such thing as imagination," he concluded. "We writers are only a little more sensitive to ghosts than the ordinary man, a little more psychic, that's all."

I didn't believe him. I told him he'd settle down happily at Balmoral Road and do his best work there, and eventually bless its quiet, unhaunted atmosphere; but I must confess that the months crept on and he did no writing. Minnie kept the house in constant confusion, pulling the furniture about, altering the pictures, trying, she said, to make at least one room habitable.

She telephoned to me one afternoon to have tea with her in town an hour later. She met me in some excitement.

"I know all about it now," she said, "why it's not haunted. I've thought and thought. Why is it nothing comes? None of the ghosts I've known all my life—I don't mean tangible ghosts, but just the sort of vague presences, things that are stronger than mere thoughts of people who are dear to us, or even people who are not. Why when I am out do I feel Father in that way and Baby and Charlie, and never when I am in that damned house? Oh, Hughie, it's because they're afraid to come! There was something terrible there once; something dreadful was thought; something hideous was done; something so awful that on the doorstep we leave behind us everything except our mere bodies. That's why the rooms are empty, the pictures empty, the books, the music. All the poor ghosts have fled in terror."

"What? Ghosts haunted by ghosts?"

She nodded.

"But, as a matter of fact," I argued, "there's nothing there. If it—the something that was done there I mean—was so awful, why is there not an awful ghost?"

She looked at me with real terror in her eyes.

"Why? Why?" I persisted.

"It's so awful that nothing but the Awfulest of all can go there," she brought out at last.

"The Awfulest—? You believe in such a thing?"

"Of course," she said impatiently. "Don't I know there are good and bad ones, and if there are bad ones there must be the Worst."

We were silent for a minute. There was a sort of dreadful certainty in the way she spoke that made argument difficult.

"I knew it all this morning, suddenly, sitting in the Green. Something—someone—told me all this psychically, warned me. We must leave that cursed house, we must go away before—"

"Before?"

"Before the Awfulest comes."

"Rather a joke if It did," I said. "What do you think would happen?"

"Don't joke, Hughie," she begged. "It's too horrible to think of . . ." She covered her face with her hands. "I wish I could see Charlie," she went on distractedly. "He's not to be home till late. I can't face the house without him, but I can't run the risk of

his going in before me, now that I know what may be there. Luckily, Mary is ill and away; there is no one in the house."

She was so restless that I took her back to Balmoral Road, and we walked up and down in the sunshine of the June evening waiting for Charlie. We talked a little, but she was so highly-wrought as to be almost inarticulate. And then, just as it happened, before Charlie arrived, and as we turned at the top of the short road to walk back, she caught my arm and stood, fixed, looking down the road. Midway down it was Number 19.

I am not psychic, and I do not pretend that I saw anything out of the common, but three things did happen. A child playing in the road stopped suddenly, cried out and ran to its mother, hiding its face in her skirts; a quiet horse in a van shied violently, and in the still June evening the lilac tree at the gate of Number 19 shivered in every one of its branches and shed a few of its green leaves. That was all I saw. What Minnie saw, what she felt, what she heard she never told me, but for a minute or two I had to support her in my arms. Then Charlie came. I whispered a few words to him. The three of us walked to the house.

"There's nothing there now," Minnie said in a whisper on the doorstep.

The hall was empty, empty in spite of us three in it. The study was empty. The cage of canaries hanging in the window was empty. But in the farthest corner of the cage, huddled into a green and gold mass, as if they had been trying to escape, they lay, dead.

The Kennedys live now near Dun Laoghaire. There is a ghost in the back drawing-room and a poltergeist that has an annoying habit of leaving the bathroom tap running, but Minnie and Charlie are quite happy, and Charlie is writing steadily.

Rain.

Over the pine-tree tops the purple waves
Of storm cloud lower: soon the rain beats down
On the fields of golden ragweed and the brown
Sand dunes: the swelling tide now fillesthe caves
With seaweed wine-coloured and ivory,
The frail sea pinks are drenched with flakes of foam,
Now the dark fishing boats wing swiftly home
Where the little town hangs on the hungry sea.

Sonnet.

(After the French of Louise Labé.)

While yet mine eyes their crystal tears can shed
For sorrow that the flaming hours with thee
So swiftly fly, and while my voice set free
From sighs a little space hath skill to spread
Thy fame in poetry; while I may wed
Fingers to delicate lute that harmony
May praise where words must end, while my wits flee
All knowledge save thy heart and soul and head,
I gladly live; but when I feel the power
Ebb from this hand, mine eyes no longer bright,
The voice grown passionless, of no avail
The wandering mind . . . O in that weary hour,
When as a lover or a poet I fail,
Come swiftly Death and darken then my light.

MONA PRICE.

Frost.

I AM not amongst those who greet the arrival of the frost with exhilaration. I feel towards him as one feels towards a visitor celebrated for his malicious wit. I admire him, but he does not inspire me to eloquence. Yet this morning, on becoming aware of his scintillating advent, I rose early and went forth to see him in all his pristine iciness.

How formidable he looked ! I was overawed by the ceremonial stiffness, the satiny sheen, the myriad in-wrought jewels, of his white mantle. My fingers grew numb as he clasped them in his sudden salutation. My heart fell silent as it became aware of his derisive presence. Fresh from the Arctic Circle, he bristled with pointed anecdotes of the ice-bergs. He was radiant with the magnificent gaiety of the northern lights. He emanated polar magnetism. He sparkled with preposterous stories of the bears, and was all agog to hum you an Esquimo extravaganza. He greeted the lingering retainers of summer with a cynical emphasis. The belated green leaves, the few loitering flowers trembled and shrivelled at his biting sallies. Even the sunbeams did not escape the shrewd comments of a humour accustomed to the higher latitudes. You could almost hear them lisping their timorous surprise. Only the fiery leaves of autumn crinkled and crackled with disdain and drew away their haughty upcurled edges from his victorious approach. And I, too, felt annoyed by his invincible brilliance. His azure splendour and sardonic vivacity left me cold. I felt the glow of thought die down in my brain. I knew that even in sleep I would be aware of this relentless visitant, and that all night long the pleasant pools of dream would be frozen over, and their lyrical fish would stare disconsolately upwards at the shivering flowers and birds blown sadly across the grey surface of the ice.

M. S.



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

From a Drawing

By

Beatrice Elvery.

Mrs. Tighe and "Psyche."

"POOR Mrs. Tighe!" In such words the latest of her English critics takes leave of the authoress of "Psyche;" and glancing over the brief story of her life and writing we are inclined to re-echo his words, for strange and sad enough, in all conscience, is the record.

Neglected by that one whose duty it was, whose privilege it should have been, to cherish her, petted by her adoring relatives and friends, overpraised by her contemporaries, and almost totally neglected by the generation which followed her, not even in that limbo of the half-forgotten was her gentle and tortured spirit to find rest. The later part of the story is not without interest, and since it is only to be found at full length in the pages of a rather uncommon book, I may be pardoned for re-telling it briefly here.

In 1883 Mr. Buxton Forman, engaged upon the rather thankless and somewhat reprehensible business of raking up the crumbs and fragment of a great poet's work, came into possession of a little notebook into which George Keats, the brother of John, had copied out "fairly" his brother's scattered verses, and there amongst the rest he came upon a sonnet, "Addressed to my brother," which opened with the lines:—

"Brother, beloved! if health shall smile again
Upon this wasted form and withered cheek;
If e'er returning vigour bids these weak
And languid limbs their gladsome strength regain."

The subject was at least suggestive, and, after a little hesitation, Mr. Forman decided to add it to his forthcoming library edition of Keats. But, alas for critical acumen! the "brother beloved" was not George Keats, but one William Tighe, and the sonnet had already been printed, and more than once reprinted, in the poems of Mrs. Mary Tighe. Its first appearance (in print) is at page 237 of the finely produced 4to of 1811, with its dainty portrait of the girl author, after Romney, in which her relative sent forth her "Psyche" with sundry other poems to an admiring world. A very handsome volume it is, with its fine type and wide margins, to say nothing of the frontispiece adornment; but to the collector it is, to use the vulgarism of the sale-room, "wrong," for some years earlier, in 1805, while the writer was still alive, "Psyche" was issued in a tiny volume, exquisitely printed (for private circulation) at the Cheswick Press, "and now," says Mr. Forman (1896), "of extreme rarity."

Of the still surviving copies of this rare little book two copies are before me. One, in the original green and quaintly patterned boards in which it was issued, is inscribed on the left top corner of the title page, in the poet's microscopic handwriting: "To Margaret Ormsby, from her faithfully affectionate friend, M. Tighe. Dec. 1st, 1805." And, as in all copies of this (1805) edition, the preface is also initialed in pen and ink.

The second copy before me is a thing to delight the heart of the most fastidious bookman, for Mrs. Tighe has, evidently in honour of its illustrious associations, caused it to be bound gloriously in full green morocco, exquisitely tooled on back and sides, with inside dentelles, and with watered silk "end papers" to replace the plainer pink paper of the book as issued. On the left top corner of the title page, as in the other copy—such would seem to have been the poet's habit—is the inscription: "To William Parnell, from his obliged friend, M. Tighe. July, 1805."

Then, at the foot of the title, comes the later inscription, also in the poet's handwriting: "This copy was presented by W. Parnell to Charles James Fox, and returned, after his death, to M. Tighe, at her earnest request."

Finally, and still in the same writing, on the reverse of the half-title is the original of the sonnet here untitled, but afterwards printed in the 4to of 1811, as "Written in a copy of 'Psyche,' which had been in the library of C. J. Fox, April, 1809."

As the MS. differs in many particulars from the printed version, I make no apology for copying out here the sonnet as it came from the poet's hand :

" Dear, consecrated page ! methinks on thee
 The Patriot's eye hath left eternal light,
 Beaming o'er every line its influence bright,
 A grace unknown before, nor due to me.
 And still delighted Fancy loves to see
 The flattering smile, which prompt indulgence might
 (Even while it read what lowliest Muse could write)
 Have hung upon that lip, whose melody
 Truth, Sense, and Liberty had call'd their own.
 For strength of mind and energy of thought,
 With all the loveliest weakness of the heart,
 A union beautiful in him had shewn.
 And still where'er the eye of taste found ought
 To praise, he lov'd the critic's gentlest part."

The William Parnell of the second copy is, of course, the author of the *Apology for the Irish Catholics*, to whom Mrs. Tighe addresses a graceful sonnet, which will be found at page 236 of the 4to edition.

S. O'S.

Book Reviews

THE SINGING ROBE. The Collected Poems of John Drinkwater, in two Vols. (Vol. I., 1908-1917; Vol. II., 1917-1922). Sidgwick and Jackson. 21s. net.

I have often envied those old poets whose work was ushered forth to the world in fitting form.

The glorious folio of 1718 which saved poor Mathew Prior from the clutch of the bailiff, the less imposing, yet very noble, quartos by which, in 1720, John Gay escaped a very similar peril, were no mean helps to the understanding and appreciation of those wayward geniuses.

Even the elegant author of *Windsor Forest* owed something, I think, to Mr. Bernard Linton for that slim folio through which his collected works first swam into the ken of an all too admiring world, (although the poet in his occasional references to that long-suffering publisher has left us but little token of his gratitude).

The two finely-printed volumes in which Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson have given us the collected poems of John Drinkwater are quite in that old tradition, and worthy, in fact, of the very highest in English book production.

Mr. Drinkwater is to be congratulated on the manner in which he has been presented, and also on the manner in which his work has stood the test which is undoubtedly imposed by such a setting.

Few of our living poets, I fancy, would have come through the ordeal with such easy grace. But the author of the dignified "Lines for the Opening of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre," and "The Dead Critic" and "The Carver in Stone" (with its fine, faint echo of Wordsworth's "Michael") has little to fear.

Mr. Drinkwater has much of that depth which the gods assuredly desire in the soul of a poet, little of the "tumult" which disfigures so much of present-day verse. He is of royal lineage, and has at his best a touch—more than a touch—of Wordsworth's divine simplicity.

In the symbolic frontispieces which adorn these volumes Mr. Albert Rutherford, too, has reverted to an older tradition, and with marked success. They are in every way worthy of their place.

J. S.

"THE SEETHING POT." *A Week*. By Iury Libedinsky. Translated by Arthur Ransome. London: George Allen and Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.

Hardly yet, amid the babel of politicians and propagandists, has the clear voice of an artist emerged in Russia. But if Libedinsky has little of conscious craft in the telling of his story, his method has the stamp of restless modernism. As on the small area of the cinema screen, the protagonists pass against a multitudinous background embracing Reds and Whites, townsfolk and peasants. Libedinsky, as Mr. Ransome says in his interesting introduction, "at whatever risk, must have it all in." Filth and finery, savagery and idealism, are depicted here in a series of sketches connected by a slight thread. The attitude is detached, but not dispassionate, as though the writer sees somewhere, in the slimy ferment, the working of the ameliorative germ.

S. O'C.

ELIZABETHAN MUSIC.

Shakespeare and the songs in his plays set to music ; and thoughts on the affinity perpetual between music and poetry, the importance of keeping music as a necessity in the balanced development of character, the immense range between the possibilities of music in Shakespeare's day, and the mighty tone-structures we may revel in to-day,—all these are suggested to the mind by Dr. Bridge's book on "Shakespearean Music in the Plays and Early Operas."

The Doctor who is the Gresham Professor of Music, has devoted many years to the study of Elizabethan music. The writer of these lines has pleasant recollections of attending one of the Gresham Lectures in London, about thirty years ago, the subject being the music of Pepys' time. This gossipy and charmingly naïve Secretary to the English Admiralty attained well-deserved fame by his faithfulness in keeping a full diary for years on end. This record of the doings of his day has never ceased to be of use to writers in many directions, down to the moment of writing this notice. The lecture referred to being happily illustrated by the singing of many of the compositions mentioned in the diary, by members of the Choir of Westminster Abbey, was one time in danger of becoming, as the Doctor diagnosed, "a cheap concert," and he pulled up his class—for that is what we were—and told us so with humorous skill and tact.

In this book he gives us a humorous sidelight on the great Bard's activities as a ratepayer—Shakespeare dodging the tax collector—ye gods ! The officials in the Bishopsgate parish were looking for their dues, and the down-trodden human side of the Titan William rose up—and he moved. Thomas Morley, who composed the musical setting of "It was a Lover and his Lass," also felt impelled to move—from the same parish and for the same reason. They were followed up (how could a Shakespeare hope to remain hidden ?), and whatever ultimatum was then in fashion, the records say that they paid up.

None of the music of the plays, with the exception of "O Mistress Mine" (*Twelfth Night*) and "It was a Lover and his Lass" (*As You Like It*), was published during the lifetime of the poet.

To our thinking, the most interesting piece of music, contained in the appendix, is a complete setting of the great Soliloquy : "To be ; or not to be ;" with full accompaniment by Doctor Bridge. It occupies nearly nine pages, and will be found excellent in dignity and a charming and simple rendering of the spirit of the lines. It was found among the musical MSS. of Pepys' collection, and he notes that it was "adjusted to the particular compass" of his voice, "with a thoro' bass on ye guitar by Caesare Morelli."

There are several fine portraits of notable men of the period, in addition to other illustrations, and the book is a very clear sketch of the musical aspect of the works of the poet. It deals with the musical instruments of the period, the composers, and contemporary songs, as well as with operas based on some of the plays.

Quite early in its pages we are shown that 1923 culture is in one respect, at least, behind that of 1600. The bare idea of being expected, after a friendly dinner-party, to take part in singing, perhaps from sight, glees and madrigals, and to be considered as lacking in education if you could not do so, would drive the daily Dublin citizen to derision or despair, according to his store of conscientiousness.

Here is quoted an entry from the diary of a London citizen showing that "music-books, according to custom," were brought to the table, and that after

many repeated confessions that he could not sing, "some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up."

All collectors of Shakespeare lore will welcome the appearance of this beautifully printed book, which is published by Messrs. Dent and Sons with all the careful regard for the unities which is a mark of their publications, and it should find a place on the shelves of all school libraries, as well as those of the book-lover.

ARTHUR KELLS.

Shakespearean Music in the Plays and Early Operas. By Sir Frederick Bridge, Mus. Doc. J. M. Dent and Sons. 1923. 10s. 6d. net.

COMPARATIVE RELIGION: CHRISTIANITY AND THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD. Dr. Albert Schweitzer. Published by Allen and Unwin, London. 1923. 3s. 6d. net.

Buried in the heart of Africa labours a man who is the leading authority on Bach, also Organist to the Bach Society of Paris, a qualified medical man, a theologian, and—what takes him to the Ogowé River—a Christian missionary. He left his art and literature to study medicine, and when he felt prepared to face the difficulties of a foreign mission, he had to deal with the question of funds. He returned to his lectures and organ recitals, and with the gathered proceeds set out on his journey.

This is always the way with the big Souls—they have the genius to tackle the difficulties they meet, and make a sure way for all they set out to do. Schliemann, who resurrected Ancient Troy for the students of to-day, was built in the same way. For him Troy had stood builded solid, to others 'twas a myth. He spent his savings to visit the site and see the lie of the land. Then he returned home to business, till he had sufficient money to fit out the expedition that proved his theory correct, and filled the museums of Europe with treasures buried centuries deep.

Two reasons moved Dr. Schweitzer to have the two lectures that go to make this book published: the necessity he felt that clear reasons are being called for, to justify to the world why Christianity is for Christians the highest wisdom, and also that non-Christian religions are now being studied, and not ignored as mere heathenism. Every religious truth must be capable of being grasped as something that stands to reason, he says.

After referring to the theory that Christianity may be traced to the mystery religions of Greece, Asia Minor, Persia, and Egypt, he deals with Brahmanism, Buddhism, Hinduism, and the teachings handed to China by Confucius and Lao Tze.

We feel to-day that all creeds are being challenged to satisfy the reasonable questions of the shaken minds of men. The catastrophe of 1914 was an immense blazing rock that fell into the midst of the waters—the nations—and the waves of its fall are rippling in ever-widening rings, to the shaking of all things we had dreamed founded in the depths of life. Many foundations have begun to crumble to the ultimate fall of their elaborate superstructures, and the mind of man is questioning everywhere; we have come again to one of Earth's cyclic reckoning-days.

The Dublin Magazine

When Dr. Schweitzer says, comparing the teachings of the East with those of the West—"The decisive factor, however, is that there is no relation of content between the ideas of Jesus and those of the Brahmans and of Buddha"—it is good to recall the words of the Teacher of Nazareth—that the disciple must "lay down his life, and follow Me"; which find a response from the East in—"Give up thy life if thou wouldest live"; with the echo returning from Galilee—"He that will lose his life, for My sake, shall find it."

His statement that Indian religion preaches, among other things, the ceasing from all activity, is not borne out in the following quotations from some of the Eastern sacred writings:—

"He who having subdued all his passions, *performeth with his active faculties all the duties of life . . . is to be esteemed. . . Action is superior to inaction.*"

"The selfish devotee lives to no purpose. The man who does not go through his appointed work in life has lived in vain."

"Shalt thou abstain from action? Not so shall gain thy soul her freedom. To reach Nirvana one must reach Self-Knowledge, and Self-Knowledge is of *loving deeds* the child."

One other point of interest, showing a contrast between East and West as noted by Dr. Schweitzer, which, in the humble opinion of the writer, does not actually exist.

The lecturer says, an Indian will give the definition that "Spirituality is not morality—that is, to become spiritual by merging into the divine is something apart. . . ." "We, Christians, on the other hand, say, 'Spirituality and morality are one and the same thing—it is through the most thorough-going morality that the highest spirituality is attained.'" Now to me there is no ultimate difference; both speakers agree that Spirituality is the Goal to which the most thorough-going morality is the only Path, and the East seems the more logical, as the Goal cannot be the Path.

The book does show, however, as the foreword says, a remarkable combination of intellectual freedom and evangelical zeal, and one likes to think on this gifted Doctor, with soul devoted to the uplifting of Humanity. When health broke and means were exhausted, he trailed wearily back to Europe, and, as soon as he recovered, flashed out with renewed energy into lecture-work, so that again he might return to his ancient people, his very arrival there a challenge to the dim gods of strange and subtle diseases, lurking in the forests and on the banks of the Ogowé River.

CIAN DRAOI.

EIN ZWEIG VOM SCHLEHDORN. Irish Poetry, selected and rendered into German by Hans Trausil. With an Introduction by Padraic Colum. Roland-Verlag, Munich.

My first impression, on reading through this little book of German translations of Irish poetry, ranging from pre-history to our own day, was one of pleasant wonder. So somebody in the land of the myriad useless marks has had time and inclination to turn a friendly inquiring eye to our land of the myriad useless squabbles, and to write—of the sovereign verses that survive the cities and the gods. Such detachment seemed worthy of Goethe. But in reading the translations I was somewhat disappointed. I suppose the title, "A Spray

of Blackthorn," led me to hope for a dominance of the joyous note in the poems—I thought of Red Hanrahan's blessing on what comes in beauty, and in beauty blows away—and I found a little too much of the songs that are anything else but gay—too much of tears and despair, of hopeless love and death-laments. And it is rather depressing to think that a people, whose toughness and gift of irresponsible gaiety have helped them through bad times, should get a reputation in Germany in keeping with the melancholy of this collection. None of the woes are absent—Cathbadh's prophecy, Deirdre's lament, Grania's lament, the Complaint of the Old Woman of Beare, Columcille's regrets, and a host of modern caointe. And yet it would have been easy to intersperse the book with the old nature-songs, the Fenian songs of pleasant places and days and times, or poems, which, if not cheerful, strike a more valorous and full-blooded note, such as the Warrior's Tryst after Death, or Liadain's Song for Cuirithir. The author tells us he passed over all songs dealing with the political relation with England; the restriction helped him to avoid a lot of rubbish, but it would be rather tasteless to apply such a political test to the best of the allegorical and other poems written between the English invasion and the end of the eighteenth century. In fact, that period is unrepresented, either politically or otherwise; and those who have read stray things like the Dánta Grádha, collected by Mr. O'Rahilly, will be aware what the omission means.

I think the translations from Yeats and A.E. are fairly well done, though it was, indeed, a bold venture to seek to transfer into German the delicate rhythm and word-music of the "Wind among the Reeds." And I venture to point out, in the translation of "O Sweet, Everlasting Voices," a fault which, to my taste, savours of heresy. Anybody who remembers the winding in and out of the vowel-sounds in the original, the unobtrusive, yet felt presence of the rhymes, cannot but feel the mistake of translating

*Have you not heard that our hearts are old,
That you call in birds, in wind on the hill,*

by the rhyming couplet:

*Hörtet ihr nicht, dass unsere Herzen alt sind,
Die ihr ruft in Vögeln, auf den Hügeln im Wind.*

The old Irish dán direach, with its short lines and rigorous assonantal and alliterative laws, had a quality of gnomic terseness which is a considerable part of its charm. Its brevity of verse made it the fit form of writers to whom, as Kuno Meyer remarked, the "half-said thing is dearest." And the German Meyer's English translations, with their austere brevity and unerring choice of words, seem to me far better than the expansive German versions of Hans Trausil.

It must be remarked that Padraic Pearse's name is not appended to two poems which are the best of his in the collection. One of them, "The Mountain Woman's Lullaby," has no author's name, and the other, the famous "Fornocht do Chonnac thù," is attributed to Thomas MacDonagh, owing, doubtless, to an English version given by MacDonagh in his "Literature in Ireland," under the title "Ideal."

Finally, it is hoped that the strictures of this review will prevent nobody who knows German, and cares for Ireland's literature and spiritual influence, from buying the little book of translations. They are chosen extensively through the ages, and are, when all is said, very meritorious.

THE FEARFUL GOD.

KARI THE ELEPHANT. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. London : J. M. Dent and Sons, Limited. 6s. net.

A wee brown bare boy, nine summers high, sitting astride the neck of an Indian elephant, and passing among the trees, out of tropical sunlight into tropical shade, and bowing beneath octopus-limbed creepers, along which climbs Kopee the Monkey, keeping pace.

Seated at my writing-table is another wee boy, olive-skinned and brown-eyed,—ten summers his share—and Kari the Elephant is already a friend of his.

We soon learn that the Jungle demands that you be not afraid. “ Do you know,” asks the author, “ that anyone who is afraid, or who hates one of the animals of the Jungle, gives out an odour which attracts tigers and wolves ? ” Kari’s Irish friends may never see the Jungle, nor even stand in the presence of an elephant, but the lesson stands good everywhere ; it is the ancient truth that Love casts out Fear, and the action works in and from the actor. Love a creature, and you do not fear it ; and, according to the law, it does not fear you. This is the Law of Brotherhood, the insistence of the great Mother of all.—‘ Who keeps the Law, knows the joy of the Family ; who breaks it, shuts himself out.’ That is why Man, who should be as a god to the lower creation, walks in wild places as an outlaw, a slayer in fear of his life. As wise old Patanjali says :

When harmlessness and kindness are fully developed in the Yogi, there is complete absence of enmity both in men and animals, among all that are near to him.

Another Jungle law is : “ Silence in silent places.” Even the cunningly-fashioned silver elephant-bells, whose metals can only be truly blended where silversmiths have the ancient secret, and whose clappers cause the bells to ring with a sound of rushing water—even these bells are lifted and silenced in the forest, for

“ The forest is the dwelling-place of silence, and silence being the voice of God, no man dares to disturb it.”

Strange, uncomfortable words for European lands, where silence is “ awkward.” Some of us have inherited this sense of the need for silence, even in walking our small woods.

Here, in these pages, among other wonders, we have confided to us the nature of and season for using the “ Master call,” to the elephant ; to be used only in time of great need. It takes him five years to learn, and the effect is —— but that is the secret, and I may not tell it. This old prohibition comes to us in our own tradition of Mongan and Caoilte, when, being asked to confirm an incident in past history, the latter blurts out : “ We were with thee, Fionn Mac Cumhaill,” to be checked by Mongan, who is said to have lived before as Fionn : “ Hush ! it is wrong for thee to reveal a secret.”

So we submit to the *geas* and you must find it for yourself in the book, but—do not spread it abroad. “ A tale-bearer revealeth secrets, and a bird of the air shall carry the matter.” If the monkeys in the Zoo chanced to hear it, and their chorus reached the ears of the elephant—one ear would do it,—we should—but I must not tell the secret.

We could well do with more such stories of the wider world, for our children, not excusing the grown-ups. The illustrations add to the charm of the book.

LORD MORLEY'S WORKS (*).

The common impression of Lord Morley's work as a writer is an inaccurate or, at any rate, an incomplete one. It is an impression of a thinker and statesman searching after truth with an exceptionally keen mind, corroding away, as by some spiritual acetic acid, the incrustations of error that prejudice and tradition unhappily mars the brightest intellects with. Of course, that is true to a certain extent. But we think that the real power of Lord Morley is shown in biography, in the delicacy and subtlety with which he penetrates to the *arcana* of the great historical personages that engaged his attention: Cromwell, Robespierre, de Maistre, Condorcet, George Eliot, Macaulay, Byron, and, above all, Turgot. Nay, more, we think that there are few modern writers who equal him in the deft, restrained, rounded vividness with which he can bring before a man of taste, a speaking historical portrait. He is one of the few writers who can absorb your interest without the slightest strain of exaggeration, without the slightest deviation, so far as he saw it, from truth for the sake of effect. The opening passage of his description of a man with whom he could himself have very little sympathy, Archbishop Laud (*Oliver Cromwell*, p. 37), is thoroughly characteristic of his way of approach to his subject:

“ ‘We entertain more unmitigated contempt for him,’ says Macaulay, ‘than for any character in history.’ It is pretty safe to be sure that these slashing superlatives are never true. Laud was no more the simpleton and bigot of Macaulay, than he was the saint to whom in our day Anglican high-fliers dedicate painted windows, or whom they describe as Newman did, as being cast in a mould of proportions that are much above our own, and of a stature akin to the elder days of the church.”

Men of letters, in particular, love Lord Morley's historical and biographical work for the skill with which he can connect an incident or a personage with different times and places from which he is picturing, and so illuminate it more than warmly, for he had a genuine historical memory that saw things, not in unrelated tracts, but as part of an architectured design, though, as he says: “ the World-Epos is after all only a file of the morning paper in a state of glorification.” (Robespierre, p. 243: it is noteworthy how often the cogency of Morley's grasp of a historical situation reveals itself in epigram). To us here, for example, how realistic he makes the work of the *Septembriseurs* in the following passage: “ A few days after this occurred the massacres of prisoners in September—scenes very nearly, if not quite, as bloody and iniquitous as those that attended the suppression of the rebellion by English troops in Ireland six years afterward.” (Condorcet, p. 120). Or here: “ Oliver Goldsmith, idly wandering through France, towards 1755, discerned in the mutinous attitude of the judicial corporations, that the genius of freedom was entering the kingdom in disguise, and that a succession of three weak monarchs would end in the emancipation of the people of France. The most touching of all these presentiments is to be found in a private letter of the great Empress, the mother of Marie Antoinette herself. Maria Theresa describes the ruined state of the French monarchy, and only prays that if it be doomed to ruin, at least the blame may not fall upon her daughter.” (Robespierre, p. 253). Or, still again, here is a cameo of Danton: he is referring to the apocryphal story that Robespierre dined with Danton almost on the eve of the latter's arrest: “ After all, *Religion ist in der Thiere Trieb*, says Wallenstein; ‘ the very savage drinks not with the victim,

(*) The Works of Lord Morley (*Oliver Cromwell*, Critical Miscellanies, and Biographical Studies). 7s. 6d. net each. Macmillan.

into whose breast he means to plunge a sword.' Danton was warned that Robespierre was plotting his arrest. 'If I thought he had the bare idea,' said Danton with something of Gargantuan hyperbole, 'I would eat his bowels out.' Such was the disdain with which the giant of the mighty bone and bold emprise thought of our meagre-hearted pedant."

Like Macaulay, Lord Morley has a true genius for narration (his description of the last days of Condorcet is a good instance) and like Macaulay, he has his own highly individual style. And "the critic of style is not the dancing master, declaiming on the deep, ineffable things that lie in a minuet. He is not the virtuoso of supines and gerundives. The morality of style goes deeper than 'dull fools suppose.' " Yet, he is not so happy, perhaps, in his appreciation of purely literary men like Emerson and Wordsworth; it needs their association with some socially organic thing such as romantic revolt as in the case of Byron to bring out the truest tone of Lord Morley's genius.

We are surprised that the publishers should put the defacing mark on the front page of books so beautifully turned out.

EXCHANGE PROBLEMS (*).

This is a really lucid and complete exposition of the nature and functioning of modern foreign exchanges, for, as the author points out, the "Exchanges of 1922 differ materially from those of pre-war times." How much more from the time when they were first instituted in the fourteenth century by the Florentine usurers! The book is not a dry-as-dust and academic theoretical treatise, though it would do excellently for a text-book for the post-1919 syllabus of the Bankers' Institute: it examines thoroughly the relation between rates of exchange, currency and appreciation and deflation on the one hand, with fluctuations in export and import, and national economics and politics on the other.

Not the least of its high merits is its pretty exhaustive and altogether fair examination of the true causes of the collapse of the mark, and its remarkable reaction upon the industrial situation in England. The book, indeed, is marked all through with an utter absence of that bias that strangely enough is sometimes allowed to obtrude itself in the dispassionate domain of finance and banking. Thus, the present dominating financial position of New York, a new economic phenomenon, is properly stressed.

We congratulate Mr. Walter.

PETER McBRIEN.

NEW BOOKS.

Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons (Bedford Street, W.C. 2), are bringing out a uniform edition (demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. per vol.) of Mr. Conrad's complete works. Any hitherto unpublished or unwritten matter will be added. The paper is of fine quality, specially made, and watermarked with a design of the dolphin and anchor encircled by a ribbon design bearing Mr. Conrad's name, and the front endpapers are printed with his family coat of arms. The title-pages,

(*) *Modern Foreign Exchange.* By Hubert C. Walter, M.A., LL.B., F.I.S.A. 5s. net. Methuen.

printed in black and red, are spacious and elegant, and the printed page is admirably balanced. Twelve volumes have appeared, the latest being "Under Western Eyes" and "The Mirror of the Sea," with "A Personal Record."

Another handsome book of theirs is "The Book of Lovat," by Haldane McFall, 4to, 25s., illustrated in black and white, with over 200 of Lovat Fraser's decorations, etc. Sir Frederick Bridge's "Shakesperean Music," 4to, 10s. 6d., and "Li Po, the Chinese Poet," 8vo, 10s. 6d., also issued by them, are reviewed in this number.

BOOK CATALOGUES.

In our reference last month to Mr. W. G. Neale's Irish catalogue, we regret that his address was incorrectly given. The correct address is 103 South Street, Eastbourne.

Mr. John Grant (31 George IV. Bridge, Edinburgh), sends us his catalogue of 74 pages, excellently done and printed in fine large type. It has a long list of classical literature, texts, translations, criticisms, etc., including modern Latin. The Baskerville Virgil, 1757, Lucretius, 1772 and Terence, 1772, are offered at £3 3s. : Junius, *The Nomenclator*, London, 1585, £2 7s. 6d. : Plutarch's *Morals* by Holland, 1603, £3 3s. : Lodge's *Seneca*, 1620, £3 3s. Bibles and biblical literature, in many languages, occupy a large section : another is devoted to bibliography and general literature, English, French, German, Italian, Celtic, etc.—all sound material. A complete set of the *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie*, 13 vols. in half morocco is offered at £6 15s., and there are some books of Douglas Hyde, Larminie, and O'Grady. There are long lists of reference works, oriental art, architecture, etc. Boswell's "An Irish Precursor of Dante," a translation of the *Fis Adamnain*, the vision of Heaven and Hell ascribed to St. Adamnan, with full discussions of relevant literature (Nutt, 1908, 8s. 6d.), is now priced at 4s. 6d.

Scientific periodicals and transactions, scientific books, general literature, English, foreign, and oriental, make up the latest catalogue from Messrs. Heffer and Son, Cambridge. Here are some notable things: Elyot's "Castell of Helth," black letter, 1541, £8—Gilbert, Wm., *De Magneta*, etc., fol., Lond., 1600, £22—Markham's "Way to get Wealth," 4to, 1648/9, £5 5s—Aesop's *Fables*, 2 vols., 1793 and Gay's *Fables*, 2 vols., 1793, Stockdale's edns., with plates by Blake and others, large paper, £18 18s. There is a great number of books edited by Grosart, and old drama is well represented. Batman's *Bartholomew de Proprietatibus Rerum*, sm. fol., Lond., 1582, clean copy of a rare book, figures at £31 10s. : Ellis and Yeat's Blake, 1893, orgl., cloth, 1893, is down for £27 10s., and there is a run of the Irish Texts Society, 22 vols., 1899/1922, for £22. "Tristram Shandy," first ed., 9 vols. (with half-titles), three vols. with Sterne's authograph are rather out of our reach at £66. However it is pleasant to read about them. This copy has the frontispiece by Hogarth in the third volume. Sterne secured Hogarth's assistance through the medium of his friend, Beranger, to whom he wrote the following letter, published for the first time in the "Cornhill Magazine," Novr., 1892, which we take the liberty of quoting:—"You bid me tell you all my wants. What the Devil in Hell can a fellow want now? By the Father of the Sciences (you know his name) I would give both my ears (if I was not to lose my credit by it) for no more than ten strokes of Howgarth's witty chisel, to clap at the Front of my next Edition of Shandy. The Vanity of a Pretty Girl in the Heyday of her Roses and Lilies is a fool to that of Author of my stamp. Oft did Swift sigh

to Pope in these words : "Orna me, unite something of yours to mine, to transmit us down together hand in hand to futurity." The loosest sketch in Nature, of Trim's reading the sermon to my Father, etc., wd. do the Business, and it wd. mutually illustrate his System and mine. But, my dear Shandy, with what face I would hold out my lank Purse ! I would shut my Eyes, & you should put in your hand, and take out what you like for it. Ignoramus ! Fool ! Block-head ! Symoniack ! This Grace is not to be bought with money. Perish thee and thy Gold with thee ! What shall we do ? I have the worst face in the world to ask a favour with, & besides, I would not propose a disagreeable thing to one I so much admire for the whole world ; but you can say anything—you are an impudent, honest Dog, & can't set a face upon a bad matter ; prithee sally out to Leicester fields, & when you have knock'd at the door (for you must knock first) and art got in, begin thus : " Mr. Hogarth, I have been with my friend Shandy, this morning ; " but go on yr. own way, as I shall do mine. I esteem you, & am, my dear Mentor, Yrs. most Shandiacally, L. STERNE."

As to the autographs, Sterne's habit was to write his name in a number of copies of each volume as they came out : but whether this ornamentation was charged for extra we are unaware—One of his first—was done *à la chinoise* with a brush, on the fair white expanse of the schoolroom ceiling at Halifax, for which the usher severely whipped him. Master Sterne felt very sore about this till the master came in and whipped the usher—with his tongue, and forbade the name to be erased. That amply satisfied the young scholar's yearnings for revenge ; indeed, left him something to go on with.

There are some notable items in the catalogue of Mr. W. M. Murphy (79 Renshaw Street, Liverpool)—Regnier's *Satyres*, etc., 4to, large paper, with fine frontispiece, head and tail pieces, the pages within ornamental borders : Tonson, 1733—Poems by "Zeta," (Froude), 1871—the very nice edition of La Fontaine's *Fables*, large paper, 4 vols., fol., Paris, 1755-9, which is in the original boards. It is priced at £45. We rejoiced to see Lamb's "Ulysses," orgl. cloth, 1839, offered at 10s., because we have an edition ourselves, 1819, also in original state, except that there are more spots on the frontispiece than there were. There is the fourth edition of "Paradise Lost," the Author, John Milton, 1688, folio, in good order, for £3 10s. This is the first edition having plates.

Farther down on the shelf there is "A Cordial for Low Spirits, being a Collection of valuable Tracts," by Thos. Gordon, 1751, price 5s., not dear as cordials go nowadays. "After all," as Mr. Melmoth elegantly laments, "is it not a mortifying consideration, that the powers of reason should be less prevalent than those of matter ; and that a page of Seneca cannot raise the spirits, when a pint of claret will." Very mortifying indeed, but why select Seneca as an exhilarant ? We would not dream of substituting him for a pint of claret, or a pint of anything else—if we were in that humour. Mr. Gordon, at least, casts the shadow of a promise of something good.

That brings us to Mr. Backus (44-5 Cank Street, Leicester). He offers Ellis and Yeats' *Blake*, 1893, large paper, half morocco, at £25. He can give you "The Political History of the Devil," for £2 10s. Of course, as Mr. Backus says, it is "thumbed"—we suppose, in fact, well thumbed, but then it is the first edition, 1726, has the frontispiece, and is a hard book of Defoe's to get. A complete set of the "English Review," 21 vols. to 1915, is listed at £6 10s. George Gissing's "Ionian Sea" is running high these times, 4to, 1901, £2 15s. We bought our copy when it was calm, a long time ago now. Clare's "Poems of Rural Life," 2 vols., orgl. bds., 1821, is cheap enough for £1 1s.

Later on we find John Jones offering us for 6s. his "Attempts in Verse, with some Account of the Writer, written by himself," 1821. It must be awkward for a poet having to do that prose stuff! However the whole thing is helped out or "aggravated" by an "introductory essay on the Lives and Works of our uneducated Poet," by Robert Southey. *Scribimus indocti doctique poemata-passim*—however, maybe, as Horace says it keeps people from doing more harm.

We have another catalogue from Liverpool—that of Mr. W. C. Elly, 17a Sweeting Street, which lists some Baxter prints, books on art, architecture, and some on furniture, gardening, and Ireland. There is an interesting book on Seneca—in his proper *milieu* this time—"Physical Science in the Time of Nero," by Clarke and Geikie, 1910 (4s. 6d.). Milton's *Pro Anglicano Populo*, 4to, 1651, is by a slip stated to be the first edition—the first was 12mo, 1650, if memory serves us well.

Topography, genealogy, and heraldry are the main features of Mr. R. Hall's last catalogue issued from Chapel Place, Tunbridge Wells. We note Gorton's "Topographical History of Great Britain and Ireland," with 54 4to maps, 3 vols., half calf gilt, by Hering, 1833: it is cheap at 15s. He can give you "Tracts upon Tombstones," a particular exemplification of "sermons in stones," for 2s. 6d., and for 4s. you can be supplied with "Gatherings from Graveyards," 1839. Then our own "Association for the Preservation of the Memorials of the Dead," not to be outdone, come along with vols. 3 to 7 of their collection of variants on "those two narrow words" A curious book in the Irish section is new to us. It is "printed by the Boys of the Door-step Brigade," entitled: "Notes respecting the Church of St. Peter, Ballymodan, Co. Cork," sm. 4to, 1874. We imagine those "boys" would be well qualified to write *about* the Church—and the tombstones. We never saw them in print before, though we often saw them *in situ*, when we were boys ourselves in the country. Often, too, have we heard the P.P. before he began the sermon, making what he most appropriately called "a few preliminary remarks about those lads standing down there outside the door." Other interesting Irish items are "The Private Theatre at Kilkenny, with Observations on other Private Theatres in Ireland," 4to, 1825 (7s. 6d.) and Simon and Snelling's "Essay on Irish Coins and Foreign Monies in Ireland," with plates of over 300 coins, 4to, 1810 (10s.)

The next thing I see before me is the catalogue of the Irish Book-Shop, Dawson Street, Dublin, of old, rare and curious books. The *Facetiae Cantabrigienses*, 1825 is there, but with "Part of Prof. Porson (spotted)"—probably his nose. However, it is only 5s. We have already sampled "Tracts upon Tombstones," sermons in stones, and "Gatherings from Graveyards": now we get to another variety—"Sermons from Styx." There's no end of things you can get sermons from if you only go the right way about it. Well, this collection costs 3s. 6d., and is stated to be a "posthumous work by Frederick the Great, followed by terrible dreams for the wicked," etc. But you'd never get a genuinely wicked fellow to use these precedents: he'd suspect a catch somewhere. We admit the *idea* is good. Now, the *Ebrietatis Encomium*, or the "Praise of Drunkeness" 1723, is a plausible title: there is an air of tolerance, of *bonhomie* (and a smack of learning, too) about it that we like: it seems to be a thoroughly practical text-book, illustrated by copious extracts from the masters of potion—judging from the title (there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, but no matter) which continues, "wherein is authentically and most evidently proved the necessity of frequently getting drunk; and that

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the practice of getting drunk is most ancient, primitive and catholic." It is in the original wrappers, has the frontispiece, and costs 7s. A rare book of a very different kind, priced at only 8s. 6d. is Wesley's "Christian's Pattern, or a Treatise of the Imitation of Christ, by Thomas A Kempis," etc., with the frontispiece and plates, 1735. In all there are over 700 items in this varied and interesting catalogue.

Messrs. Murray, Ltd (Loseby Lane, Leicester) send us their miscellaneous catalogue of art, bibliography, archaeology, etc., in which is listed Sir Arthur Vicars' "Irish Marriages . . . from Walker's Hibernian Magazine, 1771 to 1812," etc., 2 vols., 4to, orgl., cloth, only 75 copies issued, numbered and signed, £2 10s.

Mr. George Gregory's catalogues (Argyle Street, Bath) are always interesting and—packed. The present one includes portion of the libraries of the late Mr. J. R. Rees and Mr. H. J. Elwes. So, there are some rare things in botany, ornithology, dendrology, etc., runs of art, angling, Shakespeare, Chivalry, etc., as well as general literature.

We notice the rare edition of Chatterton's Poems, Cambridge, 1794, priced at 35s. : Lamb's "Mrs. Leicester's School," 1821, and "Album Verses" (1st ed.) 1830, with bookplate of Barron Field, Lamb's friend, cheap at 42s. : "The Philanthropist," 1811-1814, 4 vols., with the first draft of Lamb's "Confessions of a Drunkard" and other good matter, 42s. : John Cleland's "Essay . . . to retrieve the Antient Celtic," 1768 (3s. 6d.) : Dibdin's "Reminiscences," 1839, 10s. and the "Tour," 1839, 12s. : "The Oxford Sausage," large paper, 1814, with Bewick's cuts, for 5s. : Mr. Gosse had an article on this in the "Sunday Times," 14th Feby., last year. Then there is Dowden's Shelly, 1886, for 45s. and a heap of other attractive things crowded together in small print (and at small prices) which are well worth risking a little eye-strain to read. There are nearly 2,000 all told.

Messrs. Dobell (77 Charing Cross Road, W.C. 2) seem to have an inexhaustible store of MSS. Here they are again, bringing forth from their treasure-house things new and old, in two catalogues of nearly 900 items. We must quote a bit of Bernard Barton about a snuff-box he wrote with to W. S. Fitch,—"I send thee herewith the Snuff-box I spoke of, I can answer, from having tried it, for its keeping the snuff moist, while there is a homeliness about its make, and the pearl figure let into the lid which rather take my fancy as savoring a little of the olden time, though the box itself be a recent import from Frankfort—Jonathan Oldbach, Monkbarus, might have carried it in his capacious waistcoat pocket—it may, therefore, suit an autographical and bibliographical amateur like thyself. . . ." That should suit any autographical amateur for 4s. 6d.

There are two interesting letters from Carlyle to G. H. Lewes : portion of a document with autograph signature of Chas. I. in full with two portraits after Vandyck, etc., £1 1s. A bank draft signed by R. L. Edgeworth (1770), 3s. 6d. : a letter of Lady Blessington (1845), 4s. 6d., are also there as well as two unpublished poems in the late Katherine Mansfield's autograph. A bit of the business side of literature is illustrated by a letter from Thomas Powell to Leigh Hunt, referring to negotiations with Smith Elder and Co. for the publication of "Wit and Humour"—"I regret to say that [they] decline the volume on your terms. . . . I agreed to the alteration of the £50 to £40. . . . I can assure you I had great trouble in getting them to give the £40, and as they will not expect you to supply as much additional matter as the "Imagination and Fancy," I hope you will agree to the terms. . . ." £1 15s.

There are nearly 70 important letters on the text of Shelley's poems from W. M. Rosetti, R. Garnett, Dowden, Watts-Dunton, Stopford Brooke, York Powell, Buxton Forman and others to C. D. Lodcock. There is also a letter from Lady Wilde—7s. 6d.

The catalogue also contains about 76 letters addressed to Leigh Hunt, including one from Sir Samuel Ferguson (15s.) In one of these, George Dubourg writes, asking Hunt if he will read a poem by a Mr. William Reade (who was already responsible for "Cain, a Poem"). The remuneration offered is a guinea a canto : six cantos, therefore six guineas—attractive enough we should say, but then, there was the poem !

Jas. T. Field, the American publisher writes him (1859) a pleasant request, to send his address to a Mr. Newton Crosland—"I have asked him . . . to send you a little lot of Port, not a bad article, according to 'this gentleman's way of thinking.' My wife and I overheard you say 'Port' at Barry Cornwall's table the other day, and we gathered a kind of information from the tone of your voice that it was not a nautical order you were giving. . . ." Good enough for a publisher ! Further on there is an important letter from T. K. Hervey to Hunt asking him to join in measures to secure Shakespeare's house for the nation—that costs £3 3s. Messrs. Dobell have already issued two catalogues containing a considerable number of letters to and concerning the Hunts, and a great many of the correspondents are not mentioned in his "Autobiography" or published "Correspondence." These letters give intimate insight into the character and literary activities of a very charming personage.

In their catalogue No. 28, item 359, there is a curious thing of Irish interest, a MS. poem, "Pleasures of Retirement, written by a Clergyman in the Country to his Friend, an Eminent Physician, in a Town,"—564 lines. The author's name does not appear, but it seems to have been written from County Wicklow, and the dedication is "To Joseph Johnston of Carlow, in the County of Carlow, Esq., Doctor of Physick," and is dated 1763. The price is £1 1s. Other items are a signed note from Porson (1789), 4s. 6d. : one from G. B. Shaw (1923), to Chan Toon, in which he says, "I never do a finished job twice over : life is too short. . . ." We agree—that would be "wasteful, and ridiculous excess." There is a long list of theatrical and musical celebrities' autographs, amongst which we see Arthur Murphy and Mrs. Siddons.

Messrs. Bumpus, Ltd. (350 Oxford Street, W. 1), are offering a fine lot of books in choice state, first editions, coloured plate books, sets, and amongst other unique items, a presentation copy of George Moore's "A Mere Accident"—"To A. C. Swinburne : in recognition of a letter written to Philip Burke Marston on a Mummer's Wife, George Moore," first edn., 1887, cloth, £28 10s. Alpine, angling, birds, coaching and road-books, deer, falconry, hunting, horses, racing, shooting and zoology take you through very pleasant country from A to Z.

From *L'Art Ancien*, 7 Piazza A. Manzoni Lugano, comes a first-rate catalogue (with many reproductions) of early MSS. and books on medicine and the natural and physical sciences. It has all the bibliographical learning and sureness of touch of the best German cataloguing.

The first thing that catches our eye is an early 14th century MS. of the *Summa de Creaturis* of Albertus Magnus, in richly stamped leather, with different interlaced gild ornaments. There is a little *cri de coeur* at the end of the explicit,

*Hic finitur opus, ad quod stupet ipse canopus
Vir qui fecit opus, viveat bene sicut ysopus.
Est labor immensus, sed parvus erat mihi census.*

So it oft doth hap, poor scribe, *sic vos non vobis*, and now it costeth six hundred Swiss francs.

Bartholomaeus Anglicus is represented by a MS. of Extracts from his *de Proprietatibus Rerum*—Italian 14th century, and practically contemporaneous with the composition of the work. Another Italian 15th century MS. Marbodus, *Liber lapidum pretiosorum*, etc., contains some curious recipes: one, for example, *ad faciendum asinum tonare alta voce*: we presume that would only be done for devilment, to annoy the neighbours. There is another, *probatio in cunctis egritudinibus, utrum vivere debes annon*: that would be alright if you didn't happen to get the wrong answer: and doubtless, the young bloods had recourse to it when they wanted to negotiate *post-obits*: of course there was always the difficulty of convincing the other fellow, but you can't have everything.

There is a long list of incunabula, 15th century calendars, “fugitive” plates and broadsides, and there are lots of old cookery books from Caelius Apicius, *de re culinaria*, down to William Kitchiner's “Cook's Oracle . . . for private families,” 1838. The catalogue of the London Royal College of Medicine, 1757, is priced at 40 francs. We see a book by the Dublin surgeon, Sir Fielding Ould, on obstetrics, Dublin, 1742, bound with two others priced at 35 fcs. Primerose's *Exercitationes . . . adversus Guilelmum Harveum*, 4to, Lond., 1630, is down at 325 fcs. Harvey published his book on the circulation of the blood, etc., in 1628, and Primerose was one of the first books to attack his theory. Ramazzini: *Opera*, 4to, Lond., 1739, including the *de morbis artificium diatriba*, which opened up a new department of modern medicine, the diseases and hygiene of occupations, costs 15 frs. Another interesting book is Ruini's *Anatomia del Cavallo*, 2 voll., over 60 woodcuts, fol., Venice, 1602 (2nd ed.), 45 frs. Tobias Venner, his boke is also there, that is to say, *Via recta ad vitam longam*—4to, Lond., 1638. Included in it are the “Baths of Bathe” and “A Briefe and Accurate Treatise concerning the taking of the Fume of Tobacco. which very many, in these days, doe too licenciously use. In which, the immoderate, irregular, and unseasonable use thereof is reprehended, and the true nature of using it, perspicuously demonstrated.” Maister Venner was evidently a “thinking man,” no matter what sort of pipe he smoked. Bartholomaeus Anglicus, Frankfurt, 1601, is cheap for 30 fcs. There are two rare books on fishes—Willughby, F.: *de Historia Piscium*, engravings, etc., Oxford: 1686 (90 frs.), and Salvianus *Aquatilium animalium historia*, with copper plates, fol., Rome, 1557 (175 fcs.)

M. J. R.